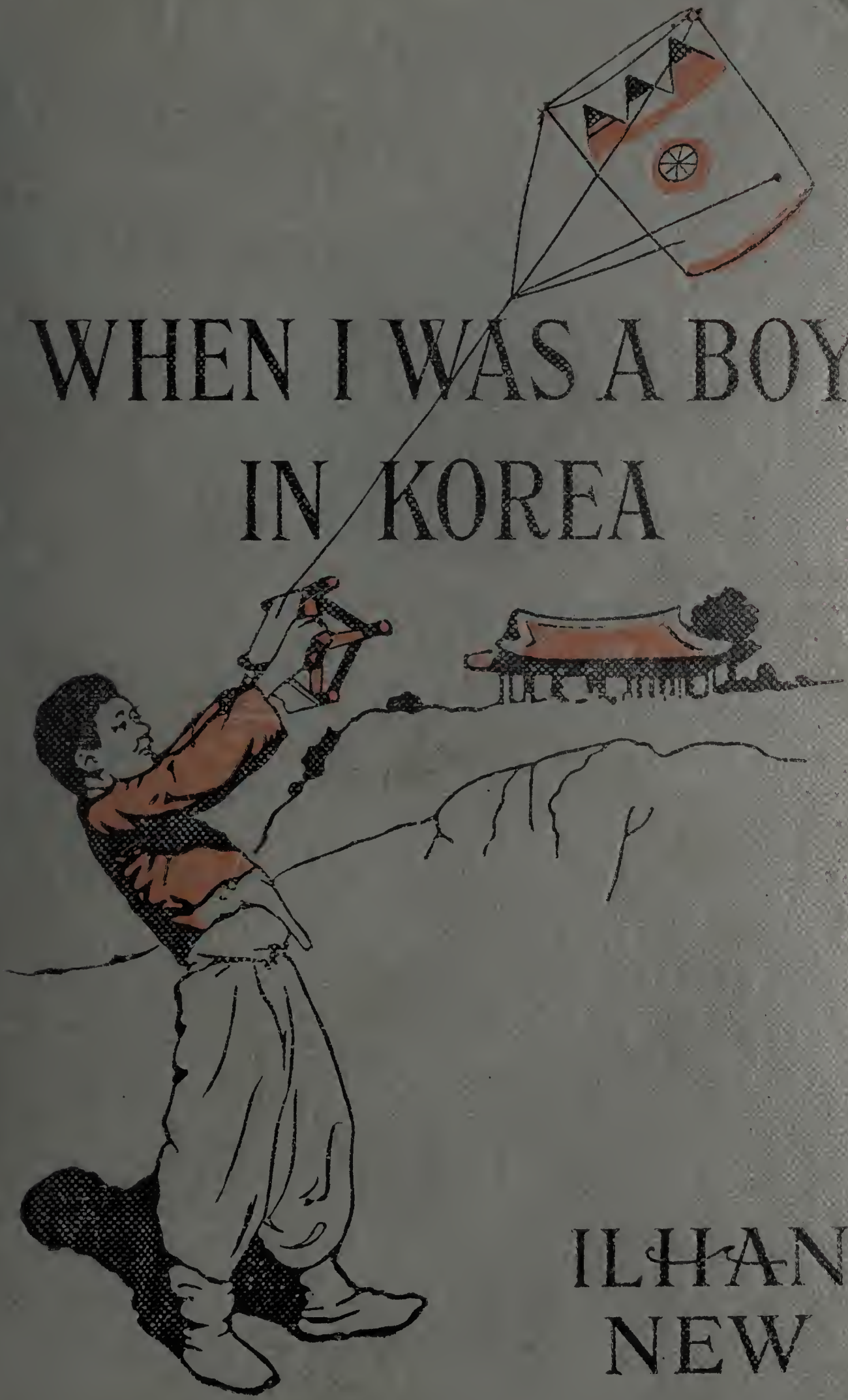
WHEN I WAS A BOY IN KOREA



ILHAN NEW

Class DS904
Book N4
Copyright No.

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

WHEN I WAS A BOY IN KOREA

CHILDREN OF OTHER LANDS BOOKS

Independent Volumes With Characteristic Illustrations and Cover Designs 12mo Cloth

There are many books *about* the children of other countries, but no other group like this, with each volume written by one who has *lived* the foreign child life described, and learned from subsequent experience in this country how to tell it in a way attractive to American children — and in fact to Americans of any age.

WHEN I WAS A BOY IN CHINA, By Yan Phou Lee
WHEN I WAS A GIRL IN ITALY, By Marietta Ambrosi
WHEN I WAS A BOY IN JAPAN, By Sakae Shioya
WHEN I WAS A BOY IN GREECE, By George Demetrios
WHEN I WAS A BOY IN PALESTINE, By Mousa J. Kaleel
WHEN I WAS A BOY IN BELGIUM, By Robert Jonckheere
WHEN I WAS A BOY IN RUSSIA, By Vladimir Mokrievitch
WHEN I WAS A BOY IN ROUMANIA, By Dr. J. S. Van Teslaar
WHEN I WAS A GIRL IN HOLLAND, By Cornelia De Groot
WHEN I WAS A GIRL IN MEXICO, By Mercedes Godoy
WHEN I WAS A GIRL IN ICELAND, By Holmfridur Arnadottir
WHEN I WAS A BOY IN PERSIA, By Youel B. Mirza
WHEN I WAS A BOY IN SCOTLAND, By George McP. Hunter
WHEN I WAS A BOY IN NORWAY, By John O. Hall
WHEN I WAS A GIRL IN SWITZERLAND, By S. Louise Patteson
WHEN I WAS A BOY IN DENMARK, By H. Trolle-Steenstrup
WHEN I WAS A BOY IN INDIA, By Satyananda Roy
WHEN I WAS A BOY IN TURKEY, By Ahmed Sabri Bey
WHEN I WAS A GIRL IN FRANCE, By Georgette Beuret
WHEN I WAS A BOY IN ARMENIA, By Manoog Der Alexanian
WHEN I WAS A GIRL IN SWEDEN, By Anna-Mia Hertzman
WHEN I WAS A BOY IN KOREA, By Ilhan New

LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.
BOSTON

ILHAN NEW AND HIS WIFE, DR. MARY WOO NEW.

WHEN I WAS A BOY IN KOREA

BY

ILHAN NEW

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

BOSTON

LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

DS904
.N4

COPYRIGHT, 1928,
BY LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

All Rights Reserved

When I Was a Boy in Korea

Printed in U.S.A.

©CLA 652

OCT-6'28

28-28707

EDITOR'S PREFACE

With characteristically Oriental modesty, Ilhan New, author of this volume, has tended to obscure his own personality, writing most interestingly, but sometimes impersonally, of many experiences which his friends recognize as pages out of his own eventful life. So it becomes my task to write briefly of his career.

Mr. New, whose native name, as he explains, is New Il Han, was the first-born son of New Kee Yun, a manufacturer of silks, a successful business man, a patriot, and a leader among the converts to Christianity.

The year of the author's birth, 1894, is one significant in the history of Korea, "Land of the Morning Calm." Like Belgium, this kingdom was long a battle-ground for nations on either side; and in 1894 Chinese armies met defeat at the

hands of the Japanese, at the ancient Korean capital, Ping-Yang. That same year Korea was relieved of the obligation to pay annual tribute to the Manchu Dynasty in China, as she had done for several centuries in acknowledgment of Chinese supremacy. And 1894 also marked the third centennial of the entry of the first Christian missionary into the land, though Christianity was not firmly implanted on the peninsula until about a hundred years before Mr. New's birth.

For a time, in early childhood, Mr. New lived in villages of Manchuria and northern Korea, but his boyhood was chiefly spent in Ping-Yang. This city disputes with Fusan the honor of being second in size and importance to the present capital, Seoul, where Mr. New is now engaged in business as an importer and exporter.

In Ping-Yang he lived the typical life of the Korean boy of his class. He roamed the shores of the Ta-Tong River which winds southward and westward forty

miles to mingle with the tempestuous waters of Korea Bay and the Yellow Sea. He frolicked with other urchins in the shadow of the twenty-foot walls that fortified the city and made it strategically important. He lolled in the shade of the mighty trees which, tradition insists, Ki-tse, the Chinese founder of Korean nationality, planted there three thousand years ago. He paid respectful homage to Ki-tse at his tomb, which is one of Ping-Yang's sacred shrines.

To be the son of a Christian father was no commonplace thing in Mr. New's boyhood. Korea is almost exactly the size of our State of Minnesota, but vastly more populous than any State in the Union. Of the 19,500,000 persons who live in that compact country, more than 19,000,000 are Koreans, and less than 400,000 are Christians at this day. So to be a Christian, even in Ping-Yang where there are numerous missions, was to be conspicuously different.

Mr. New's father was much impressed with the things he learned of the life, customs, and ideas of the New World, and he was a progressive exponent of Occidental culture. For example, he was one of the first to cut his hair in defiance of age-old customs of his people. It was only natural that he should aspire to have his eldest son, who must one day become the head of the family, receive an education in America. So, after much counsel with missionaries, Ilhan was packed off across the Pacific, a boy of tender years and scant experience, in whom homesickness and ambition struggled for mastery.

Kearney, Nebraska, a small agricultural town midway between the Pacific and Atlantic coasts, became his home. There he was welcomed into the simple, wholesome, domestic life of average Americans; and there he received all his primary and most of his secondary education. His senior year in high school was spent in the neighboring and somewhat larger town of

Hastings. There he might have attended college, carrying with him the reputation earned in Kearney and Hastings high schools as center on the football teams, and as a brilliant boy orator and debater. Instead, he chose to move eastward, to enlarge his understanding of America. In 1916 he attended a summer session at the University of Michigan, enrolling thereafter for a year of study in Michigan State Normal College at Ypsilanti. He then returned to Ann Arbor, graduating with the class of 1919, having earned the degree of Bachelor of Arts and a special certificate in business administration.

Following his graduation from college, he was employed in the accounting divisions of the Michigan Central Railroad, at Detroit, and of the General Electric Co., at Schenectady, N. Y. This promising beginning of a business career he interrupted to associate himself with leading Koreans in work among his countrymen in the United States. Returning to De-

troit, he conceived the idea of importing and manufacturing the materials for the preparation of Chinese foods in American homes. In 1921, he laid the idea before American friends, the result being the organization of LaChoy Food Products, Inc., and the development of a very prosperous nation-wide business, of which he was vice-president and general manager. His success made him an outstanding young man among Americans as well as among his fellow Koreans.

In Korea it is customary for a man to retire at the age of sixty-one, full of honor and dignity. The responsibilities that are then his as head of a family descend to his eldest son. While Mr. New was launching his business in Detroit, New Kee Yun passed sixty-one, and his son felt strongly the urge to return to his native land, not only to accept his filial responsibilities but to serve his people by introducing into Korea as much as he could of American business methods and economic doctrines.

As soon as his many interests in America could be arranged to that end, he bade good-bye to his adopted country. But when he sailed for Seoul, he did not sail alone.

In college at Ann Arbor he came to know Miss Mary Woo, an American-born Chinese. After her graduation from the University of Michigan, she studied medicine at Cornell University and the University of Colorado. Upon receiving her degree from the latter institution, she became a house physician at the Highland Park Hospital in a suburb of Detroit. In 1925 they were married. A boy he came from his native land; a man he returned to it. In the eyes of Koreans no male is entitled to recognition as a man until he is married. But for his American-born romance, he could not now write "When I *Was* a Boy in Korea." His people would still view him as a boy.

LEE A WHITE.

The Detroit News.

CONTENTS

I.	Korean Customs	17
II.	Schools	43
III.	Sericulture	51
IV.	Holidays and Games	57
V.	Municipal Kite Contests and Fall Sports	76
VI.	New Year's Holiday	85
VII.	Korean Homes and Living	96
VIII.	Korean Sweets, and Ginseng	117
IX.	The Emperor and His Subordinates	125
X.	The Capital	137
XI.	Important Mile-Stones	154

ILLUSTRATIONS

Ilhan New and His Wife, Dr. Mary Woo New . . . . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

Candy Venders 20

Korea in Her Serenity 21

The Teacher and His Country School . 48

Swing Day 49

Sacrificial Tablet of Royal Tomb . . 68

Monastery Nestled in Mountains . . 69

Buddhist Temple 69

How a Korean Boy Handles his Kite-Reel 76

Stone Buddha near Songdo 77

Washing in the Stream 80

Carving Ironing-Sticks 81

Ironing after the House is Still . . 81

Finery for the Holiday 86

Preparing Flour for the Sweets . . 87

The Feast 92

Roofer at Work 93

FACING PAGE

The Maru where Food is Prepared . 102
The Builder 103
Toques in the Courtyard . . . 112
A Jiggy Carrier 113
At the Well 116
Typical Market Scene at Kim-Chee Time 117
Devil Post and Pile of Stones Opposite . 126
Drying Ginseng 127
Sorting for Market 127
Ferrying 132
Plowing 133
Planting Rice 133
Grinding the Village Grain . . . 140
Intricately Carved White Marble Pagoda 141
A Common Sight in Seoul . . . 152
Musical Instruments 153
His First Birthday 178
Bride's Palanquin, Covered with Tiger's Skin 179

When I Was a Boy in Korea

CHAPTER I

KOREAN CUSTOMS

One of my earliest childhood memories is that of begging more boiled chestnuts from my father, who happened to be feeding me that delicious baby food for Korean children.

My father, as did many other Koreans who were able, took his family to the mountains, in order to be out of the beaten path and escape the soldiers during the Chino-Japanese War of 1894. There were Mother, my elder sister, and I. The place to which Father took us was away up in the mountains of North Pyeng, a province noted for its cold winters and its large

chestnuts. He chose such a place because there he was least apt to be troubled by the plundering soldiery. Wars, even in those days, were serious affairs, accompanied by pilfering and hardships for any one who happened to be in the path of the armies of either side. Korean mountains were safe, and a natural refuge because of the difficulty of traveling over them with a large body of men.

I have mentioned the large chestnuts, for in my recollection they furnish the Korean children at once with delightful food and a sort of confection in a country where candy is very scarce. In the cities and hamlets one hears during the day and far into the night the melodious cry of chestnut-venders singing out their wares. These chestnut-merchants of the streets are usually boys, though not always, who are getting their first training as business men. They build a small charcoal fire generally in a Korean "wharoo," a round vessel made of brass or cast iron with legs

standing about a foot high. They first cut several crosses through the shells of the chestnuts and then put them in a wire cage somewhat similar to a corn-popper and hold it over the charcoal fire, all the while shaking the container to turn the nuts over. While this operation is being performed, the vender cries out, "Goon-Balm-ee-oh! Goon-Balm-ee-oh! Sul-sul-Gul-en Goon-Balm-ee-oh!" meaning: "Roasted chestnuts, roasted chestnuts, piping-hot roasted chestnuts!"

All this is said in a singsong way, and the boy has such a good time in saying it over and over again that it is not unpleasant to hear.

Customers often ask to buy the very hot nuts in the roasting-cage, in which case he stops his singing long enough to make the sale. At other times customers are a little slow, and then the boy peels the shells from the roasted chestnuts and arranges the meats in neat piles, generally about fifteen to twenty in a pile which

sells for a copper, equal roughly to a half-cent. Then he thriftily uses the shells to make fire to roast more chestnuts, and so it goes.

Among other confections, Korean children have a sort of taffy that they are very fond of, and which furnishes them as well as the grown-ups with an article to satisfy their desire for sweet things. This taffy is usually made from the juice of sorghum cane which is boiled down to a thick consistency, but it can also be made from the juice of barley malt. When stiff enough to be handled, it is put on a handy peg on the wall and pulled until the color changes from dark brown to light creamy color. Quite often it is eaten without pulling, and sometimes more elaborate candies are made by adding roasted soy beans or roasted sesame seeds to the unpulled taffy. The finished candy is twisted into handy sticks, somewhat the size of the American candy sticks, and venders carry them about the streets crying out, "Yut-Sa-

CANDY VENDERS.

KOREA IN HER SERENITY.

see-oh," which means "Buy your yut here."

I have said that the venders go about the streets. That is one of the first things one notices in Korea. Stores are only for the larger cities, and most of the business in smaller places is done in the highways. The Korean people from time immemorial have carried on most of their business by conducting, every five days, a fair in each village, to which every neighboring farmer, tradesman, and craftsman carries his wares to sell or barter for other things he or his family requires. The needs of the people being simple, this custom is still followed. At such fairs, a man could buy a cow, which is the beast of burden of Korea, or he could buy a stick of yut for a cash.

A cash is roughly worth one-twentieth of a cent and is a round coin of cast brass with a square hole in the center, through which a string or thong may be run, and Chinese characters stamped

around the edges. Most of you have seen the Chinese cash that decorate souvenirs, purse-strings, etc. The hole in the center comes in very handy, for in business transactions it takes many cash to make a deal, as in buying a bolt of silk or a sack of rice or a donkey. Often in my boyhood I have seen a man carrying on his back a full load of cash pieces, which would hardly amount to five dollars of American money. Of course, gradually such conditions have changed so that now we have not only silver and nickel money, but also paper money to represent gold deposited with the government treasury; and we also use the decimal system of counting the units.

Cakes, cookies, candies, etc., are considered as confections primarily for children, in Korea, and to obtain them in a country where money is not so plentiful, barter is often entered into. Old copper, brass, and iron are a familiar sight in most city junk-shops, where not only mothers' worn-out teakettles go, but where every-

thing from rusty railroad spikes to brass hinges is taken in exchange for a piece of candy or a handful of nuts. It happened more than once, in our own family, that my mother would miss her favorite pair of scissors or one of her iron kettles, which in my opinion had no better use, and then through questioning of the candy-vender she would discover its whereabouts. Very often these little candy-peddlers are boys of about ten years of age who sing their wares in the most musical manner, clicking their huge scissors as they go along the streets.

According to the old custom and belief in Korea, there were only two callings for which a boy could prepare himself. He might aspire to and train for government service, which included any position from that of the governor of a large province to that of an insignificant page at a county court; or he might aim to be a great scholar who would be revered all the days of his life for his great wisdom and his

ability to write poetry at will and on the least provocation. All other lines of human activity, such as farming, business, and handicrafts, according to their idea, needed no preparation and were to be resorted to only under misfortune.

Being the eldest son in an average Korean home, where much importance was attached to the perpetuation of the family name, my future was naturally slated to be that of a scholar. Much to my satisfaction, my father, being forced by circumstances at an early age, was a merchant trading with buyers from China. He had always felt that he could have reached his zenith in the literary line, and so was determined that the first son should have all the advantages that he was denied—a feeling which most parents the world over no doubt harbor in their hearts. My interest in his mercantile life was discouraged, and, from earliest childhood, I was surrounded with classical books and tutors and carefully protected from the neces-

sity of doing any manual work. Like most boys, I did not object to being allowed to escape doing such work, but in payment for that freedom I was forbidden to do many things which a normal child delights in, such as sliding on the ice with straw shoes, gathering firewood in the mountains with my chums, or riding the donkey bareback. My more fortunate, or as they thought themselves, my less fortunate friends enjoyed these mild adventures in connection with their village life. On one occasion I remember very distinctly having gone with the outside man to the pasture to tie the family bull. The pasture was on a hill beyond the house and, being out of sight of the family, I asked the man if I might ride the bull while it was grazing. Wanting to please me and not thinking of the fresh white pantaloons that I had just put on, he lifted me up on the bare back of the work animal where I passed a perfect half-hour. Before we came in sight of our

house, I dismounted and walked leisurely into the house as befitted a boy preparing to be a scholar. I had no more than gotten inside of the door when my mother wanted to know where I had been and what I had done to my pantaloons. I looked back cautiously before answering, and was mortified to find the whole seat black with dirt from the bull's back. During the secret session which followed with my father, he reminded me that riding bulls was not the proper thing for even so young a scholar to do.

In spite of the many restrictions put upon children's play, on account of the unreasonable belief as to what a proper training is, we had many good times, and I believe that Korean children after their own fashion receive as much attention from their parents as do any other children. For instance, regardless of how poor any family might be, it is almost a universal custom to feature each holiday by fitting out every child with new clothes.

Even to the present day there are not many stores in Korea where ready-made clothing for any member of the family can be purchased.

It took the family more than a day to rip apart, wash, iron, and sew together again those fresh white pantaloons that were spoiled in a half-hour. Had they been winter pantaloons, it would have required an even longer time, for they would have been of double thickness, with a heavy layer of cotton padding for warmth.

I refer to trousers as pantaloons because that is about the only word which describes them. In appearance they are almost like the ones the Hollanders wear. Both men and boys wear the same style. The legs are very wide and are tied at the bottom with colored ribbons, and also at the waist with a colorful fancy flat cord with tassels at either end. Over these, we wear a coat cut on box lines reaching to the hips. The collar of the coat is V-shaped at the front, and the lapels are

fastened across the front with ties of the same material.

Generally, unless boys are in mourning, their clothes are colored, but the universal color for men is white. One can always tell when a boy has lost a near relative by the white that he wears. The period of mourning for each relative depends upon the closeness of the kin. For parents it extends over a period of three years.

Among the articles of apparel, what now seem to me among the most peculiar and yet most practical in a country where leather is scarce are the wooden shoes used in wet weather. Unlike the Dutch children, we do not wear the wooden shoes at all times. When it rains, however, the streets are full of them, and some of them are really masterpieces of carving. These shoes are shaped like boats, and each has two high cleats on the bottom so that the body of the shoe does not touch the mud of the street. Very often I have taken these shoes off at a pond and, making

masts of a piece of bamboo, have put sails on them and played sailboat. Not infrequently I have seen them carried away into deep waters by the wind, and have had to go barefooted in the end.

On a sunny day, and the days of sunshine are many in Korea, the streets of a Korean city are a spectacle to behold, not so much because of the buildings or the street itself, but on account of the dress of the people. In summer particularly, all the men, women, and children wear garments made of mo-see, commonly called China grass-linen. Those of you who have seen table-cloths or clothing made of this material can readily appreciate how cool and clean a street must look filled with people clothed entirely in this material, of a shiny whiteness, and with a crispness and a freshness that no other cloth possesses in such measure. To top their costume, and accentuate the whiteness, the men wear the typical horsehair hats tied on the tops of their heads with

crisp black ribbons or with strings of amber beads underneath the chin and hanging down the front somewhat similar to a necktie.

Even in the summer, during the hottest and most humid weather, a Korean gentleman must wear an outer garment when outside of his own home. These, however, are made of the sheerest mo-see and do not add much to the weight or discomfort of the owner. I say discomfort with qualifications, for being fully dressed in such a costume often prevents one from sitting down in public conveyances lest the crisp garments become creased and mussed. One often enters a crowded street-car to find almost all the passengers standing and clinging to straps, the seats being occupied only by workmen and bundles.

While speaking of the Korean gentleman's summer outfit, it would not be proper to omit what I have often called the inner armor or dress shield. In order

to protect his clothing from body moisture and to keep him cool, he wears next to his skin long wristlets and a slip-over similar in shape to the sleeveless sweater. This outfit is made of the finest split reed or bamboo, which is wrapped over a reed skeleton or framework corresponding to the pattern of the outer garment. This " armor " is often a masterpiece of handicraft, being exquisite in design and in weaving.

Women of Korea also wear white, and their dress includes pantaloons which look more like a divided skirt with the legs tapering towards the bottom. Over these they invariably wear full apron skirts, whether in the house or on the street. The upper garment is a short jacket with a V neck, and is tied on one side over the heart with wide ties of material similar to that used by the men. The collars of such jackets are generally of different material and, like the little cuffs, are often of colored silk or satin.

A woman's hair is dressed in a low fancy knot on the back of her neck. Through this knot goes a large pin made of precious metal or jade. Needless to say, her coiffure is immaculate. This is partly due to the style of dressing. The hair is combed smoothly and flat over her head to form the knot on the back and every hair is in its place or else she calls on the hair oil for help in this respect. The manner of dressing ladies' hair is often different in the back provinces. One of the pleasing styles is to comb the hair straight to the back, there making two smooth braids which are wound about the crown in a coronation braid. Where this style of hair-dressing is in vogue, the ladies make a very pretty head-covering of sheer white material which they fold into a band about six inches wide, and which they tie over their forehead, bringing it to a very good-looking bow at the back.

To me, it seems that the children wear everything. They have a distinct style of

clothing which is nearly like that of the grown-ups in shape, but, dependent upon the parents' whims, their garments may be as dignified and flowing as those of their elders or highly colorful and extremely fancy. In summer, as in other countries, the boys' apparel is very simple, consisting merely of trousers and the usual jacket; in the case of a girl, a skirt is added. In the winter, however, fond parents bestow on the children's clothing pains and workmanship often beyond any reason.

The boys, like their fathers, wear little vests that have four great pockets, the only pockets in their entire costume. As a consequence, they carry a variety of treasures in these. Of course, in the boys' pockets one might find nearly anything imaginable from broken glass to printing sets, and that is almost so with the men. In fact, vests are made of sheer material for summer wear, not because they want to wear vests but to have the use of the

pockets. I have seen old men's pockets bulging with all sorts of things. From each pocket come one or several strings that are fastened to the buttonholes. The end of a string might be tied to anything from a tobacco-pouch to a purse or a man's seal. A very old man carries many pouches strung along his belt: one for his match-box, one for his spectacles, one for his tobacco-pouch, one for his money, and one for his jewelry, etc., etc.

Little boys' pantaloons are tied at their ankles, like their fathers'. The ties serve two purposes, that of fixing the garment, and of holding up the short po-sons or foot-coverings which are of the same material and style for men and women as well as children. These are made of some white material like heavy sheeting, cut to fit the foot carefully. They are of two thicknesses in the summer, but in the winter a layer of cotton batting is inserted between the two thicknesses. As the Koreans do not wear their shoes in their

houses, these po-sons serve as a kind of cushion in the house when walking around; outdoors, they keep the feet protected from the shoes which are not so well shaped to the foot.

Of shoes, there are many varieties. They vary from the cheapest straw sandal-shoes or somewhat better sandal-shoes made of finer vegetable fibre, up to leather low shoes. Rubbers and wooden shoes are available for wet weather. These do not have buckles, ties, or buttons. They all slip easily over the toes and heel of the wearer, as do the Chinese or the Turkish shoes. In a country where one has to take off one's shoes before entering the house, slipping them off without untying or bending over is very convenient, not to say necessary. Children's shoes are miniatures of their parents'. While the men's and boys' shoes are plain, without frills, although they may be made of the finest soft white kid leather, the women's are more decorative in material and design.

Korean people have very small feet, especially the women. This is not the result of binding, but perhaps due to the constant wearing of tight-fitting po-sons, which preserve the shape of their feet. They are great walkers and have very little foot trouble.

In the olden days almost all communications were carried by runners on foot over the mountain passes that are everywhere in Korea, and where there are only difficult paths, if any. These professional couriers often covered as much as seventy to seventy-five English miles from sunrise to sundown. On regular routes, stopping-places were established where they could secure their food, wash their tired feet, and perhaps enjoy a pipeful of tobacco before the fires. In winter these fires were on the hearth in the room, but in summer they were only sage-leaf smudges to keep away the pestering mosquitoes or other insects.

The designated stopping-places were

generally small inns, of which there are many alongside the traveled roads in Korea, due to the many foot travelers. The hospitality of these places is nothing less than that of the wayside inns of England, famed in song and story. People in these small taverns or the villages en route would gather around the traveler to hear all about what was happening in other parts of their land, learning of events of the past month or year.

Newspapers and fast means of travel and communication have not yet penetrated all parts of the land, and the simple-hearted people look forward to the coming of a traveler, especially a learned one who can, at his will, keep the village awake to the small hours of the morning with his wonderful stories of adventure and what he has seen. Often, as a boy, I have been kept awake with the permission of my father, listening to the entrancing tales of far-away lands and peoples from a traveler. Later, I have come to suspect

that the traveler very often stretched his imagination, or told as his own experiences the colorful and dramatic tales he had derived from several different sources. Whatever the truth of these chronicles, they were generally harmless but entertaining, and furnished these simple rural people with social companionship that made up the greater pleasures of their lives.

To revert to the boy's outfit, to be fully dressed in the presence of elders or on the street means to wear at all seasons a long garment that comes to within three or four inches of the ground. This is called a do-roo-magie, about the nearest thing to a duster coat, but very correct as to cut and style. The hair is done up in a single braid down the back and tied with a flowing gay silk tie not unlike a four-in-hand necktie. With engagement or marriage the hair is put up on the head in a characteristic topknot.

I remember very clearly the occasion

when one of my older boy friends became engaged. His parents were members of the old school, so his hair was wound in a tight knot on top of his head, in fact so tight that his facial expression took on that of a person much frightened, but trying to look happy. The shorter hairs were held up by a very finely woven horsehair band which was bound tightly about his forehead and tied at the nape of the neck. Stuck downward on the topknot was a gorgeous red coral pin for ornament, about the size of the little finger. Perched on top of his head, or rather around his topknot, was a copy of the dignified headgear of his honorable father, except that the engagement hat was made of fine handpicked straw; the brim was curved up somewhat saucily and the high crown of the hat tapered upwards more pronouncedly, whereas the father's hat-brim was almost flat and the crown was tapered only a little, in comparison. This hat is worn by the engaged boy only until he is

married. My friend henceforth put on airs and lorded it over us smaller lads, as the putting on of a hat of *any* description was a sign that he was to be recognized as a full-grown man—or was to become one soon.

The custom of the country dictates that no man, no matter how old he may be, can assume the attitude of full manhood until he is married, and I have often seen men as old as fifty years who still wore their hair in a long braid down the back and were addressed in what is known as "affectionate low talk." From the day that our boy friend put on his funny little hat, he expected us to speak in respectful tones to him and address him in "high talk," while, of course, he continued to talk to us in "affectionate low talk," just as we had always been doing to each other in our play.

It might be well to explain that the so-called high and low talk exist in both Japan and Korea, but not so much in

China. The "high talk" is used in speaking to elders or to equals and among the grown-ups in conversing with each other, while the "low talk" is spoken by the higher or elder persons to children and to servants, and among younger people. "Low talk" has, therefore, been aptly called "affectionate," since generally it is used by children to denote close friendship and by endearing parents to their children, or to children of others to whom they want to show their affection. Of course, this is not true in case of the address to servants, but, even in the case of servants, the talk is generally in an affectionate tone such as a benefactor would use towards his protégé.

It is a peculiar thing that the servant class, and, in fact, the whole population, speak in no mistaken terms when they address persons of different importance. That is, the children and the servant class seem instinctively to know when to use the "low talk" or the respectful tone. This

has contributed much to the beauty of the language, at least to the spoken language. From childhood Koreans are taught the best language to use to the elders, and when they grow up they already have what is commonly known as best grammar and choice of words at their command. When any mistake in the proper use of the language is made, every important personage seems to take it upon himself to reproach the culprit; especially is this true in the schools.

CHAPTER II

SCHOOLS

In the cities there are large schools, but in the country districts the children are dependent for learning solely upon some benevolent scholar who establishes a school in his sa-ra-ang, which is the gentlemen's reception-room. This room is just as necessary in a Korean home as the kitchen. No matter how poor the house-owner may be, a sa-ra-ang must be provided for his callers, since no men may enter a room occupied by the women of the family.

The tuition for attending such a school is generally what the families of the pupils can give, the man teaching for the love of study as well as for the leisurely, scholarly life that he would lead. Much of his remuneration comes at holiday times when gifts from the families of the students

provide many of the necessities of life such as rice and fish, etc., and also luxuries such as silks for pantaloons, beverages of high value, fruits, and other delicacies in the food line.

Our family lived both in the city and in small villages, and the school life in the village is one of the most pleasant memories that I carry to this day. The school that I attended in the village district was located about a mile from our home, and, every morning, with our lunch-kits thrown over our backs, we would set out for the school which was conducted by an elderly scholar in his sa-ra-ang.

The lunch consisted of a good-sized Korean brass-bowl, half-filled with flaky, steaming rice. Set into the upper half of this bowl were two or three smaller brass dishes generally holding bits of cooked fish, bean curd, Korean kim-chee, etc. The whole set had a tight-fitting brass cover and was encased in a regulation net woven of twine and drawn together at the

top with strong draw-strings that were long so that the bag might be carried by the strings. This lunch kit is almost standardized by common use, and every boy has one. Of course, there might be one or two frail boys from a rich family who would have a fancier outfit, but most of us were happy to shoulder whatever was provided for us, and proceeded to have all the fun that we could on the way to school.

Time was not much of a factor with us in those days, nor apparently with the teacher for we would arrive at his sa-ra-ang sometimes during the morning and sometimes in the afternoon. Our part of the country was noted for its delicious fruits and nuts, which apparently grew without cultivation by any one. Each day on our way to school we would pick out trees and mark out some particular fruit as our own. When the bright sunshine had ripened the juicy apricot or crisp pear, our respective fruits were

plucked, and "a good time was had by all." Arriving at the school at last, we would make a deep obeisance to the teacher and ask in our most respectful and high language whether he had rested well during the past night. The teacher usually pretended to be much absorbed in his classical books, but would, after the lapse of a few seconds, condescend to look up and calling our individual names would say in affectionate low talk, "Oh, have you come?" Then he would earnestly ask with much concern after the health of our respective parents. This procedure, with every word the same, would be in order each day, just as ceremoniously as a court function. On leaving the school in the evening, we would again arise and make a deep bow to the teacher and beg the great scholar to rest well that night. He would just as ceremoniously say "Uh——," which meant that he consented to rest well, and admonished us to go directly and quietly to our homes,

and to tell our parents that he inquired whether they were well and happy.

Once in school, our work began. Every one of us smaller boys had the same book of one thousand Chinese characters. The old teacher sat alone at the head of the room. Directly in front of him and facing him sat the smaller boys, about four or five in a row; then boys a little larger, and in the back rows sat the largest boys. Every one sat on the floor, as is the Korean custom. Of course, there were no girls in the school. There were separate schools for the few that were sent to school, but more often girls of the better families were tutored privately in the secret recesses of their own homes.

The old teacher had a small baton, or more often a short bamboo rod, with which he would tap the floor; then commenced the musical singsong of the boys, all reading the characters aloud, each apparently trying to outdo the others in the loudness of his voice. As the boys read, or rather

sang the characters, their bodies swung back and forth like pendulums. This singing often lasted for an hour without stopping and then a short recess would be called so that the boys could go out of the rooms for a much-needed drink of water, or to play around the teacher's home and back yard. Often the teacher was a tolerant old man, who would be very lenient with the students and let them go chestnutting, or swimming as the season permitted. There were no regular holidays except those declared by the teacher, and the one long holiday that comes at New Year's time when all the business of the land closes down for fifteen days.

Occasionally, there are schools founded by old scholars that care for those children whose parents or relatives cannot afford to pay the regular tuition. Such schools are generally sustained by the generosity of the neighborhood. Frequently the pupils live several miles from the teacher's place, which makes it hard for them to go home

THE TEACHER AND HIS COUNTRY SCHOOL.

SWING DAY.

daily or even weekly. Such children are taken care of by the kind-hearted village folk, without any charge for the lodging. Most of these boys being from the farms, each month they bring with them grains or other articles of food such as seaweeds, and fresh or dried vegetables, but very seldom meat of any kind, except fish. These gifts of food the boys take to the teacher as a token of appreciation and to the village folk with whom they stay as part compensation for board and room. In the case of the teacher, such gifts amount to a considerable sum when all of them are put together, and it is not a bad lot sometimes to be the scholar and be provided with at least his food, the surplus of which he can sell readily. The question of food is the main thing; the shelter will take care of itself.

Each boy attending a distant school carries his own bedding, and at whichever house he is to make his home, whether it be that of a friend or just a family to

whom he carries a letter of introduction, he is welcomed. Such is the hospitality of the country. If he brings with him as much as his food, there is no thought of charging him for the rent of the room in which he stays. Any excess of grain or food can easily be exchanged for the rough homespun cotton cloth out of which the family can readily fashion a new garment for him. So the bartering goes, until the simple wants of the student, the teacher, and the country folk are satisfied to a certain extent.

CHAPTER III

SERICULTURE

At the age of seven, being the eldest son of the family, I was considered old enough to attend the sericulture school some fifty li (seventeen miles) away from our home, and since the trip had to be made entirely on foot it was planned that I should return home only once in two months. Being so young, I do not remember very much of what they taught, though I recall that we did have instruction both morning and evening. I remember nothing but scurrying about the farms near by during the day, gathering mulberry leaves for the silkworms to feed upon, and crying for my own home by night. Were it now, I could have ridden home daily or, at least, once a week, but in those days when a lad had to go afoot, fifty li was considerable distance for a boy to travel home.

All the older boys in the school made great fun of me. They would say, "Does not your father already own a silk factory where you could at once apply all the knowledge that you could gain from study? Why do you waste all the time in crying for home?" The teachers were more sympathetic, however, for at the end of the first term I was told that permission had been received for me to return home to stay. After returning home, the task of picking mulberry leaves became more enjoyable, since I had all my village friends to call on and, in true Tom Sawyer style, most of the leaves in my basket were picked by my friends.

Sericulture is a very good household industry. Each family can devote as much time to it as they may feel inclined, and the mulberry-trees, whose leaves are used as the only food for the silkworms, can be raised on fence-rows or in less fertile soil. Silkworms are hatched from small eggs that are laid by the silkworm

moth. The moths of the cultured varieties lay the eggs on sheets of paper about the size of a business letterhead, and the moth, during its egg-laying minutes, is guided around the paper in such a way that the space is generally uniformly filled. Then there are the wild silkworm moths that fly about the country, laying their eggs on dead leaves or on tree trunks where they will hatch in due time and become worms, living off whatever mulberry leaves they can find. Silk cloths made from these two kinds of cocoons are sold in the same shops, leading the merchants to put up such signs as "Best wild silk shirts," etc. Not that the shirt is very wild, or that the behavior of the wild silk shirt is best, but literal translation would have it that way.

When the eggs are hatched at the proper temperature, the cultured worms are very small and can hardly be seen singly, but are massed and swept together, a single feather being used as a broom to

sweep them about the tray in which they are kept. At first, only crushed mulberry leaves are fed to them and one can hardly notice that any of the food is consumed; but, in the course of two days, they become distinct worms and, in five days, they are about the size of a half-inch pencil lead. From that time on they grow very fast, some varieties maturing, that is, becoming ready to spin their cocoons, in four weeks or even less. In the last stages of growth, when the worms are large enough so that mulberry leaves need no longer be fed to them crushed, finely cut, or chopped, a single worm will eat as many as a dozen large leaves as big as a boy's hand in an hour. Then it is that all hands must pick mulberry leaves!

When the worms are " ripe "—the term used in Korea indicating full growth—they will stop eating and one must watch very carefully to see the first sign from any one of the worms that they are beginning to spin their cocoons. When this

is noticed, the whole tray of worms, sometimes containing as many as five thousand, is taken to the roosting room. This room has large trays from which is extended a lattice work of pine boughs. The worms climb up on these branches and, attaching one end of the silk fibre to the pine bough, they form a somewhat peanut-shaped shell and spin the raw silk cocoon, completely enclosing themselves in a few minutes. The cocoons are then gathered and boiled, to kill the life inside and also to make it possible to unwind what the worm has wound. When eggs are wanted, the cocoons are not boiled, but are allowed to stay in a fairly warm room till the larvæ develop into butterflies or moths, bore holes through the cocoons, and emerge. From butterfly to egg, egg to worm, worm to cocoon, cocoon to moth again—so endlessly runs the cycle. Some varieties hatch only once a year; others hatch and go through the cycle as many as five or six times in as many months. The

weaving of silks, the reeling of the thread, the grading, and the many other fine details of silk-making are another story, but to most Oriental children on the farm this is a very familiar scene.

CHAPTER IV

HOLIDAYS AND GAMES

To a casual visitor, the Korean children seem to lack the good times that other children enjoy. They have very few toys, and yet they do play with gusto and enjoy themselves very thoroughly with what simple things they have. They generally play, in little groups, all sorts of outdoor games that are as old as the hills and yet ever interesting to the little fellows. I really believe that the game of hide-and-seek was originally an Oriental game, though I would not trespass on any claims that the Chinese boys might have on anything that is old and universal.

Groups of boys are found playing cash-throwing. This is much like a game of marbles, except that the old-time brass cash-pieces are used. Two parallel lines

are drawn about ten feet apart. With the toes behind one line, each boy throws his cash-piece to the other line and the one that is the closest has the first shot; then the next closest, etc. The winner of the first shot takes all the cash-pieces and, standing with toes on one line, throws them all in a bunch over the other line. Those pieces falling short of the line do not count. After the cash-pieces are thrown over the line, he takes a small disc of iron or, more often, a neat disc of stone and pitches it with the aim of hitting as many of the cash-pieces as possible, for he gets all that he hits. Then the second shooter takes the remaining cash-pieces and throws them over the line, trying to hit as many as possible and keeping out for himself all that he has managed to hit. So the game progresses until all the cash-pieces have been hit and taken out of the game; then everything starts over again.

Girls are not allowed to play with boys, but they, too, have their games amongst

themselves. It is very common to see as many as half of a group of girls with babies tied to their backs while playing hop-scotch as agilely as though there were no extra load.

And then come the national holidays. What an infinite wealth of joys is compressed into these glorious days, which each child knows as soon as he can be conscious of anything! Does not a holiday mean an entirely new equipment of clothes from head to foot? And this does not mean just another suit, but it includes outfits of different materials for each holiday and season. Even the very poorest family must plan for these few occasions, and no Korean child is to be disappointed, if effort and sacrifice can prevent; for these occurrences have come to mean as much to young Koreans as Christmas to the children of the Occident.

For each of these holidays there are particular foods which are not only proper, but which seem to meet with the universal

approval of Korean people. On May thirtieth (Old Calendar), for instance, one eats "jegimme" to his utmost capacity, not even Mother admonishing one about the quantity one eats on that day. This "jegimme" is a flat griddle-cake made of flour milled in a stone mortar in each home from small green peas. A batter is made; a bit of meat is minced with vegetables and mixed with the batter; then the luscious cakes are baked in a shallow pan over red-hot charcoals. The smell of these baking cakes makes one think of the brisk October days when chestnuts are popping merrily over the same kind of fire.

On this May holiday great swings are put up in each village, and all the inhabitants turn out and swing in pairs, generally two boys or two girls, for to the pair that swings highest a prize is generally given. This is the day also for wrestling matches. Sometimes the young huskies from a whole district gather together to wrestle. The rule is that the

person who downs all comers takes the prize. These wrestling matches are famous and they are held with elaborate ceremonies, under generally clear blue skies on some hillside. There the people seat themselves in a natural amphitheatre and the combatants line themselves around the paced-off level spot. Often the Governor or the local elder is present, and always there is a prize of a calf or a large-sized bull for the winner. One can see how important the games are when one knows that the prize of a bull is very valuable, as bulls do almost all the work about the farm in Korea. Every one is decked out in his most colorful garments. The girls, especially, take the day for freedom as, on this occasion, they may parade about the village in groups without drawing anything but admiration for their clothes and the fancy way their hair is combed.

Then comes the fifteenth of August (Old Calendar). The light, cool, almost

transparent clothes are ready to give way to others of warmer material. But the clothes are not the center of interest on this day. The real interest is the pilgrimage to the graves of one's ancestors.

When one says Decoration Day, it immediately brings to mind hundreds of American flags and gay flowers covering the graves of valiant soldiers. Not so in Korea. There are no cemeteries, as such, here. It has been said that the Korean lives his ideal life after death. This is seemingly true, for upon death, regardless of whether a man's heirs can afford it, the best is given. The coffin itself is a simple box of the barest pine; the great expense lies in the services and what the deceased ordered done by a geomancer.

This geomancer is supposedly gifted with supernatural powers. Among these is the happy ability to select a site for the burial of the deceased which will insure the remains such peaceful rest that the living relatives may be assured of perpetual

good fortune. Unfortunately for the living, the seer usually selects a site up on a mountain side, close by a sparkling stream, and overlooking a particularly tranquil and fertile valley. Even should the desired spot be a field under cultivation, happily irrigated by the stream, the geomancer offers to purchase it of the owner. Not infrequently the field is the owner's sole means of livelihood and the offer is refused. In this case a midnight burial takes place; the owner awakens the next morning to find a new mound in the center of his field, but, on account of tradition and his own personal reverence for the departed, he has no choice save to leave it unmolested. If he is again approached with money, he accepts, but under no circumstance can he demand anything, having once rejected an offer.

You noticed I said "mound." The grave is dug, but is not only filled to the level of the ground but covered with a mound of earth from five to hundreds of

feet in height. The height depends upon the wealth of the deceased. The entire mound and ground for some feet about are sodded. Before the grave is placed a rectangular granite tablet, on either side of which stone images are stationed to guard the sacred spot.

I remember very vividly a midnight funeral and burial on one of our own fields. My father and I were returning from a call on a sick uncle. As we swung over the top of the low mountain the weird chant of the funeral chorus reached my ears. In the inky darkness ten pairs of lanterns could soon be counted coming over the opposite hill. These lantern-bearers are professional mourners who keep up a weird chant resembling a wail throughout the journey to the final resting-place. We were soon upon the procession and I could see the usual money-dispenser throwing to the right and left small round bits of paper pierced through the center—fashioned after the money of

generations ago. The purpose of broadcasting this money was to divert the attention of any evil spirit intent upon the remains. In place of the large ten-foot square platform carried by from ten to fifty men, there was only a small palanquin borne by four men. This indicated at once that this was no recent death, but a re-burial of some remains. These re-burials are not uncommon. A few misfortunes in a family will readily convince the living members that these are messages from the dead who cannot rest in their present graves. Following the palanquin was a man who struck a bell intermittently, after which he sang a verse of the dirge, the chorus of which was repeated by the mourners ahead.

The son of the deceased was next in line. The accustomed mitral-shaped cap was on his head. This was made of the coarsest hemp cloth, banded with hempen rope. His long outer coat was also of the same material, the shoes on his feet of the

cheapest rice-straw. I knew the next day would find a huge straw helmet on his head. The wealthiest of men wear this garb when in mourning, for it indicates deepest humility to the gods against whom he must have sinned, else death would not have visited his family.

Ordinarily the friends of the deceased follow the chief mourners in jinrickshas or on donkeys. These friends as well as the mourners are always males, the women of the family being expected to receive condolences at home, where they, too, are garbed in the same rough material.

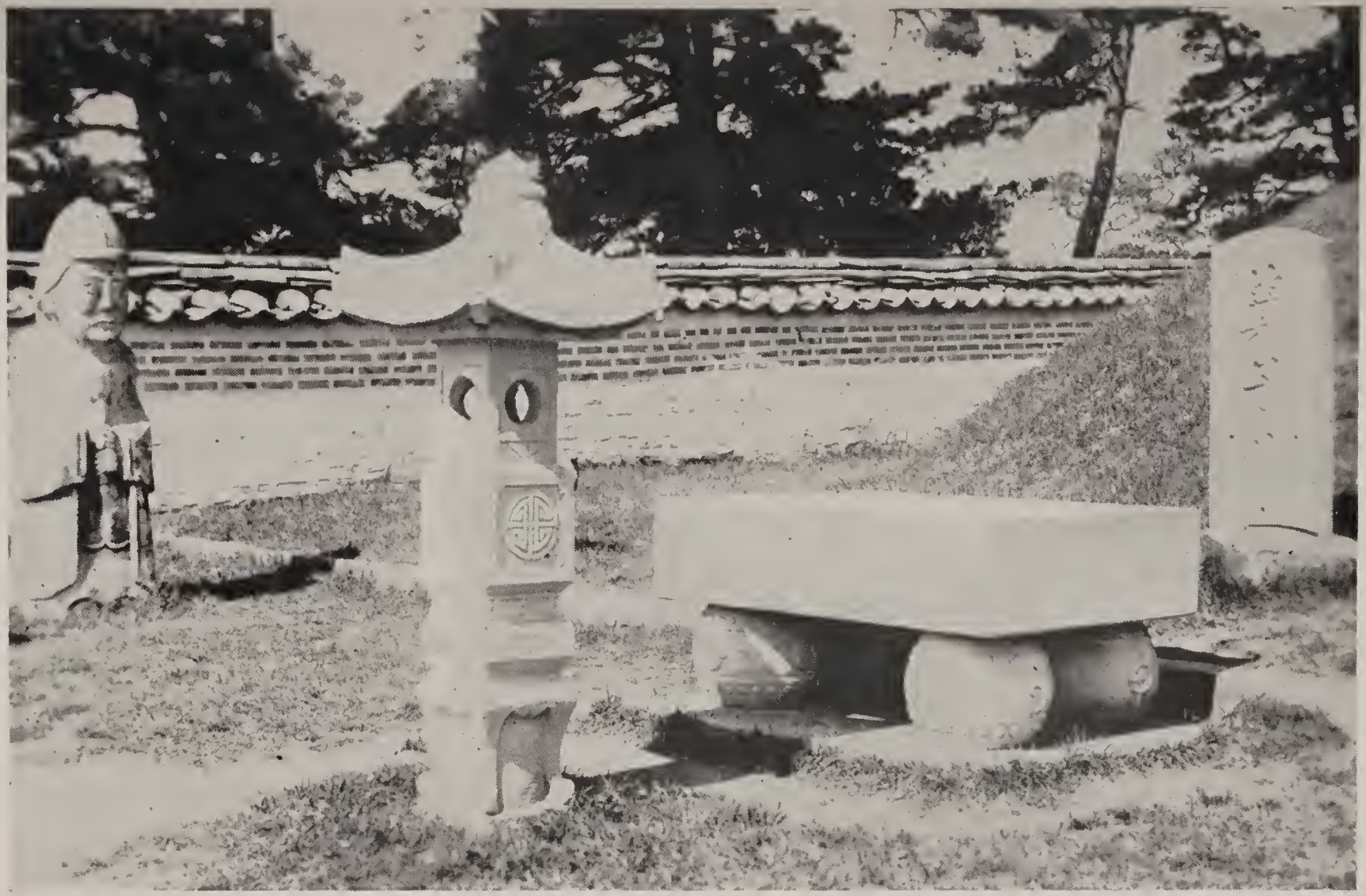
When we were within a few feet of the procession, our unspoken fears were realized, for the lantern-bearers turned abruptly into our fields and proceeded to the most fertile ridge in that section. My father had often said that the site was ideal for a final resting-place. We stood filled with a curious emotion compounded of reverence and indignation, but there was nothing to be done. I learned the

next day that an offer had been made two days previously, but that it had been rejected. It seemed that the dead man's son had recently suffered from three cases of illness in his family and, upon consulting a geomancer, had discovered that the remains of his father were not resting, menaced as they were by annual floods. Our particular site had been designated by the sage, and only when re-burial occurred would the son's family regain health. When so much importance is attached to the spirit of the deceased, one can readily imagine the importance of the yearly pilgrimage.

On the stone tablet erected before burial mounds, the annual offerings of food and fruit are laid. The descendants present kneel before the tablet, invoking blessings of the gods upon the spirit of the departed and asking the good-will and blessings of the departed upon the living members of the family.

When the family is wealthy and hun-

dreds of miles must be covered to reach the burial site, the trip becomes a holiday and a filial duty in one. Many servants must accompany the master, to carry the food upon their backs as well as to do such chores as are necessary on a long journey. The servants walk; the luxury of donkeys or horses, which are never larger than Shetland ponies, is permitted only to the master and his relatives. The journey is so planned that each night shall be spent in one of the many Buddhist temples tucked away in the mountains the country over. These temples are established by priests who live in them the year round, with the exception of a certain month allotted each priest. During this month he must ascend into the world of the lowly and beg for food, money, and such things as are necessary for the simple life led in the temples. Their chief food, like the rest of their people, is rice. They eat no meat whatever; their vegetables include many



Sacrificial Tablet of Royal Tomb. Guarding Image and Sodded Mound in Background.

MONASTERY NESTLED IN MOUNTAINS.

BUDDHIST TEMPLE.

mountain shrubs and herbs simply prepared.

A Buddhist temple is a colorful thing. The low curving eaves are made of small panelings whose ends have been carefully faceted and painted a bright red and blue. At each corner of the temple hangs a small brass bell which tinkles with every breeze. There are always three or four separate buildings which contain the altars for worship. Each of these buildings consists of a single room. On the walls are historic Buddhist scenes, painted in the brightest of primary colors. Across one end of the room is the simple altar made up of three large gilded idols placed on a pedestal which has been made wide enough for the incense urns and candlesticks necessary for each. On certain days there are dishes of food accompanying the usual incense. The dormitory and studies are embodied in another building. Simplicity is the key-note of their living, and as one enters the rooms there is noth-

ing to be seen but student candidates studying with an older priest.

Pilgrims always stop at sundown, arriving at temples in time for evening worship. Assigned priests preside at each altar. Incense is first renewed and candles are lit. The priest then takes his place directly before the largest idol and begins his chant. He then kneels and touches his head to the floor several times, arises, and after a few minutes finishes the chant.

Each temple compound has a huge brass bell which is tongueless, like all Korean bells. This bell is struck with a huge club at each service and, because of the quality of the brass of which it has been cast, the resonance throbs in the air throughout the chant. Every member on the compound worships at this time, stopping just where he is and bowing deeply in the direction of the nearest altar. Supper is served immediately after, and any travelers present are served the same simple meal that the priests enjoy. Their beds for the

night are made on the floor and as each newcomer carries his own bedding, there is always room for another.

After many stops and much jogging over steep mountain passes, the destination is reached on the fifteenth of the month. Some journeys require as many as ten days but the plans must always be laid so carefully that, despite all obstacles, the grave shall be worshipped on the fifteenth. The master and relatives clamber from the ponies wearily and seek the near-by pines for shade, while the servants clear a space for the feast. The food is carefully unloaded and soon small charcoal fires are glowing cheerfully. Such foods as need further preparation are put on to cook. When all is done, the tablet is spread, the worship is reverently carried out, and the party retires to the shade where the feast has been spread.

The particular delicacy of the day is one similar to a steamed pudding which has, as its main ingredient, a flour made from

a certain glutinous rice. The flour is placed in a muslin bag, then immersed in boiling water and gently kneaded. When ready, the bag is removed and placed upon a huge slab of granite where it is beaten for hours with large wooden mallets. The dough is now a homogeneous mass of a thick, tenacious consistency. This is then cut into pieces three inches square and one-half inch thick. A delicious filling of dates, nuts, a bit of meat, and many spices is spread liberally over a piece of the dough and covered with another. These "shang pyen" are then ready for the steamer, where they remain until the dough becomes tender and the filling ready to drip from very goodness. On these pilgrimages the filling and dough are carried separately and steamed only at the journey's end, over one of the many charcoal burners.

On another fire the rice boils vigorously. With the rice done, one awaits a thin bamboo stick on which are strung three

or four very thin slices of beef spread with salt, pepper, and a little sesame oil. These are broiled fresh over the fire and, even as they are passed to one, the meat juices trickle over the hot rice in a savory brown stream. The meat is usually purchased at the last village, where a large fish is also procured. This is broiled whole over the glowing coals. One enjoys this hot food, for in a few minutes is not the heat of the day to be swept away by the thoroughly chilled melons that have been bobbing in the cool near-by spring since our arrival?

When one says "melon" in the West, it means just that. When one says it in this country, however, it fills the mind's eye with all the scenes that can be found everywhere at this season. The roads and streets are crowded with cart-loads, and full "jiggies" are carried on men's backs. It would be impossible to estimate the hundreds of thousands of melons eaten per day at this time. One cannot step

into a road or street but he sees some one squatted by the roadside quenching his thirst with a melon. There are small yellow ones reminding one of the casaba melon of the States. Some prefer a long green one tasting like a juicy cucumber. Still another is a squatty octagonal melon with a skin that is a dull green and spotted with black blotches. These are all peeled from one end and eaten out of the hand, being too firm to be eaten with a spoon.

The watermelons are sweet and juicy and have been carried the entire distance, strung on a pole. Each individual melon rests on its stem end in a round, thick hoop of rice straw. Tied to the hoop at intervals of three inches are suitable lengths of straw rope. These are brought up over the melon to meet in a single knot at the blossom end. A loop is provided through which a pole is thrust, and in this way melons are readily carried any distance. These ingenious methods of carrying such articles are probably the outcome

of the scarcity of pure drinking water.

The exorbitant price of paper makes it possible for only a few prosperous shops to wrap their sales. Eggs are sold in strings of ten, wrapped in a thin layer of long, dried rice stalks. Fish is tied around the center with the same straw which certainly insures one from the possibility of the drip of an entirely covered package.

Peaches are at their best during the eighth month; and no load on such a trip is considered complete without the famous Korean pear. This fruit is shaped much like a large apple, and has a thin, smooth, tenacious, greenish-brown skin. Eating one of these pears is like drinking deeply of a refreshing beverage, there is so little pulp, and yet they are as crisp as celery.

Sons always accompany their fathers on these pilgrimages, and when one sees which members partake of most of the food, one realizes at once that these delicacies are a parent's subtle means of expressing his indulgence to his offspring.

CHAPTER V

MUNICIPAL KITE CONTESTS AND FALL SPORTS

The day following the holiday marks the opening of the municipal kite contest. Every boy who has been at all able has been busy for weeks making his kite and reel, for these annual contests are the great sport event of the year and every Korean boy at some time in his life has hoped for the championship of his village.

The reel is made first. Five carefully rounded sticks are prepared, the fifth one being at least four inches longer than the others. The four of the same length are set together with crosspieces so that a rectangular framework eight inches square is formed. Across the ends, placed just inside the framework, are diagonal crosspieces through which the fifth stick is passed and fixed firmly, hub fashion. This

How a Korean Boy Handles his Kite-Reel.

STONE BUDDHA NEAR SONGDO.

forms the handle of the reel and the length of the string is regulated by rotating this handle very quickly.

The kite is made of a rectangular framework of bamboo which is seldom larger than a foot in width and about fifteen inches in length; more often the dimensions are smaller. Two diagonal crosspieces complete the framework. A certain peculiarly tough native paper is then stretched over the whole and carefully glued so that none of the bamboo shows. At the intersection of the diagonals a round piece the size of a dollar is cut out, and at this point the line is attached. Two short pieces of string are fastened a few inches along this mainline at a common point and the free ends are fastened to opposite upper corners. Colored paper is expensive, and, since each boy must furnish all his materials without cost to the family, the kites are usually unadorned.

The line that has been spoken of is a

very fine silken one. For many weeks previous, bits of broken bowls, crocks, and the like have been gathered and put away carefully. When the reel and kite are finished, these bits are pulverized. A small pot of glue is heated and the line is passed quickly through the hot glue, then through the pulverized mixture. The line must, of course, be dried thoroughly before it can be wound on the reel.

In every village and city these contests take place at the same time of year, and everywhere the kites resemble a vast flock of gulls. This is not merely aimless flying. There is a real purpose of vanquishing rivals by cutting their kites free by friction of line against line, aided by the abrasive with which the string was coated. This is where the art proclaims its true worth. If one whose kite is attacked is mentally alert, he scents danger immediately and, in a flash, has unreeled his line. This averts cutting, for, to be effective, the sawing motion of the assailant's line must

fall on only one spot. As the kite strings are severed so quickly and amid such confusion, an adult wonders how the boys can distinguish anything. In a few hours, however, the victor of the day is carried off the hill, bearing the first prize, an event that is the great corner-stone of his childhood.

The sport is a fitting close to the summer vacation, for as soon as the intense heat and humidity have decreased school opens. In a few weeks there is a decidedly cool breeze each night, after the suffocating rays of the sun. With the nights grown cool, the streets immediately take on new garb. Dust lessens and the air begins to be filled with the odor of sweet potatoes roasting over charcoal. Everywhere are tiny carts with kettles of hot soup; some selling fresh clams broiled over glowing coals. With October come the chestnuts.

A majority of the venders are very small boys, who are doing their part to

increase the family budget. The poorer Korean boy sees very little play; he must make his work his play, and it is touching, as well as inspiring, to see these little fellows sitting on the ground before their tiny fires, splitting the skins of the nuts, stirring the ones that are over the fire, and fanning the coals. Their little throats are often hoarse from singing their wares, but their bright, cheery attitude defies anything but admiration.

September, October, and November are three of the most beautiful months in Korea. The skies are a beautiful blue overhead, humidity has lessened, there is a soft breeze that is just right in temperature, harvesting has been finished, and the larders are bulging at the one time of the year when, for every one, there is a calm, serene peace that fills the heart.

The clear air emphasizes the continual rat-a-tat-tat of the ironing sticks which are in more prominence at this time, for, very soon, the heavy cotton-padded gar-

WASHING IN THE STREAM.

CARVING IRONING-STICKS.

IRONING AFTER THE HOUSE IS STILL.

ments must be worn. The same white cotton goods are used for winter clothing, but a thick cotton padding is added for warmth. When these garments are soiled, they must be ripped entirely apart, laundered, and remade.

The native woman spends half her life laundering. At any time of the year a group may be seen at the side of any stream washing, even when the surface ice must be broken to reach the water. They have no wash-boards, but place the garment on a flat rock and beat it with a wedge-shaped wooden washing-stick. When once more white, and this is only after long, laborious effort, the clothes are dried and saved until after all other housework is finished at night.

The ironing is done by two women who sit opposite each other with a shining flat oblong stone between. Each woman has a pair of smooth round ironing-sticks. The dried pieces of clothing are then placed side by side on this flat stone and

subjected to a thorough pounding. This process gives the fabric a wonderfully glossy finish, making it like new, and is probably the most satisfactory method of finish when laundering entails so much labor. In the summer, when the thin "mo-see" clothes are worn, the ironing is done by another method. A pan that is the duplicate of a frying-pan is used. This is made of iron, however, and bears a very smooth and shining bottom. Red-hot coals are placed in the pan. When the bottom becomes hot, it is ready for use. Two women are needed for this process also, for the garment cannot be placed on a flat surface, but must be stretched between the women mid-air and ironed.

One never sees a lone woman laundering at a stream. Visiting between homes is indulged in very little, and so when one sees these groups chattering together as they work, he realizes that the gathering is really, in a way, a social one. In the same manner, the week's ironing becomes

the occasion for mental relaxation. The children are all fast asleep, there are no other household chores to fill the mind, and one is always wise enough to select a congenial neighbor with whom to do the ironing.

As the days grow colder, the boys are found fashioning tops of ordinary pine fire-wood. Occasionally there is a fond grandfather who labors for days making the next head of the house an especially marvelous top. This poor country, where there are no toy shops, is much different from America, where the grandfather may come home loaded with wonderful things purchased in a glittering store. The Korean tops are shaped like American tops, but are used more on the ice than on the ground. When the ice is hard enough on the river, large groups are found top-driving. The driver is a round wooden stick with about a foot and a half of heavy cord fastened to one end. The top is thrown on the ice and lashed quickly with the cord

until a rotating motion is initiated. The top by this lashing, first from one side, then from the other, is kept spinning and made to travel in whichever direction the driver wishes. Even very small boys become proficient at this amusement and are able to keep the top going from two to three hours at a time. The smooth glistening surface of the ice allows the top to travel rapidly with each stroke, and the boy must take long slides to keep up. We had no such luxury as skates when I was a boy, and what a pity, for what a sport top-driving could have become!

CHAPTER VI

NEW YEAR'S HOLIDAY

THE third holiday is the greatest of all days throughout the Orient. The pulse of the nation automatically stops for fifteen days. During the entire twelfth month the housewives are busy laundering, making new clothing, and changing the paper in their houses. The men are busy clearing up all business transactions, paying all debts, and putting their house in order.

New Year's day is started bright and early with a very delicious soup, in which is a particular delicacy called "mandoo." This is made of a thin wheat flour dough, with a highly seasoned meat and vegetable filling.

This time of the year is especially precious to the women of the land, for at no

other time do they exchange dinner calls and perform other social duties. With an abundance of clean clothes and new clothes, with her house well in order, with the delicacies prepared as far as possible, she seems a new individual. She has put aside the burden of every-day routine and goes from house to house paying her calls, tasting of the sweetmeats of her friends, drinking in the freedom of each one of the fifteen days.

As one goes out into the streets, the only mass of color discernible during the year greets the eyes. Everywhere children are resplendent in bright silk padded coats with sleeves rivaling Joseph's, being fashioned of narrow strips of various colors. As the wind blows the coat back, the brilliant cerise vest peeps out and sometimes even the bright blue short-coat may be seen. On their heads are little helmet-shaped hoods with fur ear-laps and tail-pieces to protect their necks from the bitter winds of this season. This head-dress

FINERY FOR THE HOLIDAY.

PREPARING FLOUR FOR THE SWEETS.

is embellished with much gay embroidery and with tiny round looking-glasses for the younger ones, and many gold ornaments for the wealthier class. Soft shades are unknown, so the colors are all very vivid and, at the time of year at which they are predominant, give a warmth to the general festivity. The hearts of the mothers are always glad when there is no snow at this time, for the colors are not fast and, after a hard storm, the costume is apt to take on the appearance of an artist's palette. The idea that the child should remain at home in bad weather, instead of calling, is one that would never enter the mind, the custom is so old.

Every household, during the week preceding New Year's day, has been busy wrapping money and pieces of jewelry, such as a chain, a charm, or an ornament for the head-dress, in colored paper. These packages are heaped in the outer waiting-room, the abundance depending upon the master's business status and the

number of his friends. A man in moderate circumstances would have prepared at least a hundred such gifts. A similar heap fills a corner of the inner waiting-room which is used only by the women members of the family. These packages contain candies, fruits, and cakes, however. Now it is the custom for the children of the family, always accompanied by their fathers, to pay New Year greetings to every friend and business acquaintance. This visit is made at any time during the fifteen days. After arriving at a friend's house the son makes deep bows to the master, wishing him much joy and longevity. The master graciously acknowledges this and claps for a servant who presents the child with one of the packages from the corner. The little guest shows his gratitude by more deep bows. He is then led to the inner reception-room to greet the mistress of the house, while his father settles himself for a smoke and a short chat with his friend, for men may not enter the inner

court with the exception of the immediate members of the family. The same deep bows are given and, again, a servant presents a gift. The presents are stuffed into one of the very large pockets of the vest, and the youngster is ready to go on to the next establishment. The circumference of children with the cotton-wadded clothes is already impressive, but with the four large pockets of the vest filled to overflowing, one can imagine the peculiar shapes seen upon the streets at this time of year.

This is the only time at which gifts are made especially to the children, and every one prides himself upon his generosity. The money and jewelry received by some little guests whose fathers have extensive business operations may reach a total of several hundred yen, a fact that is readily understood when it is remembered that Korean gold is always a pure twenty-four-carat metal without any alloy. Since the children always have some spending

money at this time, energetic money-makers are apt to bring to the village such amusements as a side-show consisting of a monkey and a tiger, or acrobats whose chief feat consists of balancing themselves upon one another's shoulders, a marvel only to be seen at this time.

Throughout the Orient firecrackers and fireworks furnish a great deal of the excitement at this time. In very olden days, it was believed that the noise and bright flashes frightened away the evil spirits. This superstition no longer prevails, but the custom is one that adds gaiety and brightness, and so has withstood the test of centuries. The fund for the amusement is provided by the municipality or a benevolent person in the village who, you may be certain, becomes the beloved patriarch in the years following.

To this day, China is known the world over for her firecrackers and fireworks. The crackers are suspended in a string of from ten to fifty thousand in number and

fired from the bottom. A bomb tops the string and its report terminates the fusillade. I remember particularly that, with the explosion of the bomb, a ball of fire would shoot into the sky and be transformed into the lighted shape of a man, a fish, or sometimes a lantern.

The boys amuse themselves on the ice with small sleds about eighteen inches square. They squat upon these singly, and, with a sharpened ice-pick in each hand to push themselves, go sailing down the rivers for miles with incredible speed. No top-driving impedes their progress, for Korea is one of the most seasonal countries known. The season for tops is before the holiday, and no boy would think of playing with them at any other time.

Just so, the girls jump on their seesaws at this time. The seesaws are like those in the States, but instead of sitting on the ends of the planks the girls stand on them. As one end goes down with the sudden weight of a youngster, the girl on the

other end is tossed high into the air. The exercise is invigorating but daring, and it is hard to believe that these are the same quiet girls of the rest of the year.

The food eaten at this time is of the best. The rice in every home is of flaky whiteness. At all other times, in the majority of homes, the rice is mixed with small red beans, green peas, millet, or larger beans, both for variation of taste and economy, but on the holidays the rice reigns alone in its glory of unbroken whiteness for every one. When one mentions rice in this country he simultaneously thinks of "kim-chee," a national dish without which no meal, however meager, is complete. The dish is a type of highly seasoned pickle which is made in every household just before the first frost. The side-dishes include delicious preparations of venison, pheasant, and wild boar, as well as the usual pork and beef.

Mounds of dainty little cakes which are made of rice or bean flour and

THE FEAST.

covered with green or pink puffed rice, sesame seed, or peanuts, appear on every small table. On other brass stands is a candy made of barley flour and malt. The syrup is not pulled, but is cooked to the consistency at which it will hold its shape on being poured. A pulverized bean flour is made and round patties of the syrup poured into it; then nuts are pressed into the candies as they are lifted from the flour.

These sweets are accompanied by a delicious pale-amber drink, in which are floating several blanched pine-nuts. Pine-nuts of Korea are at least the dignified ancestors of those in the West; they are two to three times as large, with their shells as thick in comparison. The Diamond Mountains are famous the Orient over for scenery and for pine-nuts, and, in autumn, huge pine-cones can be purchased with the nuts in their original habitat. The pale-amber fluid is made of wild honey combined with a fruit juice. Bees

have not been cultivated to any extent in the country and the universal sweetening agent in the household is wild honey, gathered from the hives found in the rocks. In a mountainous country covered with the greatest variety of wild flowers from early spring to very late autumn, it is possible to believe the flavor most delicious.

And so the time passes quickly in feasting and visiting, and the fifteenth day, which marks the close of the festivities, comes all too soon. On this day each housewife prepares twelve kinds of dishes of vegetables, for it is said that one should eat nine different times. The moon is usually full and, as evening approaches, each family can be seen carrying its mats to the top of the nearest hill to watch it rise. Those who are farmers wish at this time for an abundant crop; those whose households have not yet been blessed by the advent of children wish for a son; those in poor health ask for good health. All these favors are asked of the moon

whose beneficent powers cannot be sought after at any other time. As the moon rides higher, the worshippers turn towards their homes with a sigh; the holiday is over and, on the morrow, life must resume its ordinary tenor.

CHAPTER VII

KOREAN HOMES AND LIVING

To understand the use of the expressions "inner" and "outer" reception-rooms, one must see just how a simple house is constructed. The floor plan is always in the shape of the letter "H." The plans may be elaborated but the fundamental is always the same. The rooms are built in dimensions of eight feet or multiples of eight feet.

At one side of the H is built the kitchen, the floor of which is formed by the ground itself. The floors of the rest of the structure are raised two feet above the ground. On the side of the kitchen, connecting with the other rooms on that side of the house, are built three low brick fireplaces, each holding an iron cooking-vessel which is cemented in permanently. The flues run parallel to one another

the entire length of the floors of the rooms on that side and meet in a common outlet just outside the wall of the last room. These flues are also connected by a horizontal arm in the fireplace so that, even though a fire is made under only one cooking-vessel, the smoke will find its way into the other flues and heat the entire floor. Fuel is very expensive, and the heating system is doubtless one that was the result of necessary economy. The floors are made of thin stone flagging and, while they are excellent conductors, they are also splendid retainers of heat.

In olden days, wood alone was used in these fireplaces and the house was heated only when a meal was being prepared. A small grate has been devised, in later years, whereby small briquets made of coal dust and a peculiar clay found in the North may be used. These will burn slowly and keep the house heated throughout the day and night. In summer, the cooking is done out of doors.

The room connecting one side of the house with the other is not heated and boasts of the only wooden floor in the building. This is a very thick pine floor bearing a beautiful gloss which comes only from long, laborious rubbing with soy-bean oil. A platform flanks this room, which has no doors. No shoes are worn in a Korean house, and each member of the family, as well as guests of the inner court, leaves his shoes on this platform.

The opposite side of the house is called the outer court and is identical in plan with the inner court, with the exception of a room corresponding to the kitchen. This part has its own entrance, with a platform on the exterior wall. This section is occupied entirely by the male members of the family. One of the rooms is called the "sa-rang" which is the master's reception-room. In this room only are his callers received, and if they are dinner guests the meal is served in this room. A room is never more than eight feet wide, al-

though it may be longer. A court is thus formed, the inner quarters on one side, the unheated room at one end, the third side bounded by the men's quarters, and the fourth by a wall so that as one walks along the streets he can see little else. This open space varies with the wealth of the tenant but is so universal that it is really considered a part of the house, for it is here that much of the housekeeping is done.

The stone floors are covered with a thick oiled paper, parchment taking its place when the wealth is great enough. These coverings are kept immaculately clean and are relaid once a year. The necessity for this is seen in the fact that the garb of the nation is white in all seasons and every one sits on the floor.

The lower half of the walls of the house, on the outside, resembles pudding-stone. Cement is used and, before it is dry, rocks are pressed into it. The upper half is made of interwoven rope matting into

which clay paste, strengthened with small pebbles mixed with the clay, is forced. This foundation is then finished with a smooth yellow clay. The wall surfaces inside the rooms are carefully covered with plain white paper, fastened with paste.

The roofs, however, are the crowning glories of these little homes. The poorer people can afford only thatch which is made from rice-straw. Ends of straws are skilfully interwoven, to form a ridge along the rooftree. When this is in place, the dangling loose ends are fastened down with rope of the same material. The roofs are most picturesque. When renewal is necessary, another layer is simply placed over the old so that, eventually, the whole looks moulded with lines that are well-rounded and in perfect harmony with the squat little house it covers. The natives see none of this beauty, however, and as soon as a man is able he invests in a tile roof. These tiles are made of a very dark

clay and so shaped before firing that they are about a foot long, a third as wide, and are curved trough-like. When placed on their straw foundation the trough cavity is filled with a red mud, cement holding the tiles at the sides to those adjoining. There are always troubles with such roofs for the torrents in the long rainy season wash the mud out, the tiles lose the firm position which the mud afforded, and there is disastrous leaking.

The entire framework of the house is made of the slender unfinished trunks of small pines. No nails are used; when a connection is necessary a hole is drilled through the entire trunk. Little pine-trunks, about four inches in diameter, form the rafters. It is a constant source of wonderment where all the pines come from.

Small sliding windows are found in each room, covered with native paper. They are for light only and are placed high so that one cannot look out of them. Doors

are all of the sliding variety and covered with the same white paper. The level of the threshold is never flush with the floor and a Westerner is at no little inconvenience when he finds he must lift his foot at least fourteen or sixteen inches to cross the threshold. The reason for this can readily be seen when one recalls that in sitting on the floor, precautions have to be taken to eliminate the draught that sweeps over the floor from under the western door, and especially from under one that opens to the immediate outside, as in the case of the unheated room of the Korean home.

For furniture, we have chests which are very attractive when of the better grade. In the "maru" or unheated connecting room there is always a very heavy pine chest which opens like a flour bin, from the side. This is provided for rice and other cereals, and the abundance of the contents is the pride of the housewife's heart. In the other rooms are chests of an-

THE MARU WHERE FOOD IS PREPARED.

THE BUILDER.

other type, resembling a two- or three-decked cupboard. They may be very ornate, made of ebony with mother-of-pearl inlay, or they may be simpler, with no inlay but made of beautiful old woods and polished carefully. The corners of their doors and the handles on the doors are always brass. These chests hold virtually all the family's belongings, and there is no other furniture, unless it be a low narrow table which is used as a work-table for every purpose. Beds, like those of the Japanese, consist of thick pads and comforts that are spread upon the floors at night, but rolled up and placed upon a shelf by day. You may wonder where the dining-room is, for, even when the house is that of a wealthy man, the rooms consist of kitchen, "maru," and other such rooms as spoken of. Each adult eats alone, and when the meal is prepared an entire table is set completely with all edibles and carried to the individual rooms, no trays being used. The table is a small four-legged

one, about eighteen by twenty-four inches in size. The only exception to the custom of serving no more than one at a table is in homes of abject poverty or where there are two boys or two girls of the same age in the family. This custom of having the entire meal served to one person at a time has its advantages, for there is no necessity of clearing between courses. When the diner finishes, the table is carried from the room. The men are served in the outer quarters and, always, first.

The interesting thing about the prepared table is the ware upon it. There are two large bowls and countless smaller ones, the smallest of which may be only an inch in diameter. They are all made of brass and all have covers. In olden times, the bowls were works of art, for all brass was hand-beaten; and were an empty bowl accidentally struck, its ring could be heard for fully thirty seconds later. There are chop-sticks of brass also, and a spoon.

The Koreans use a spoon much more

constantly than either the Japanese or Chinese. Rice is always eaten with a spoon, as well as many of the side-dishes for which chop-sticks would be considered quite adequate by the Chinese. A chop-stick is a chop-stick, but the spoon has an individuality. The shaft is at least seven inches in length. The bowl is a wide, very shallow affair reminding one of a slightly scooped flapjack-turner. If one knows its proper use, however, it must be satisfactory, for great quantities can be eaten with it in a very short time.

You have heard what a feast embodies, but after all, it is the every-day food that one lives on. The Korean man or child eats rice, or, if that is too expensive, rice mixed with millet, peas, or beans, cooked in the same manner three times a day. This cereal is so prepared that the water is just sufficient to allow each kernel to stand separately, flaky and palatable, never sodden with moisture. There is always a thick soup made of different vegetables

and a little meat. The kettle of soup is kept on a charcoal-burner by the side of the table, and while the rest of the food may be cold, the soup is served boiling hot. The small bowls contain bits of salted fish, fresh fish, bean-cake, and salads made of wilted greens seasoned with pepper, sesame oil, and bean sauce. Then there are always the red-pepper mash, the brown salt-bean mash, and "kim-chee," without which no meal is ever complete.

Ordinarily no dessert is eaten; this is a luxury reserved for the holidays. There are two reasons for this, first the cost, and second the time element. No housewife can go to a store, as in America, and purchase the ingredients necessary for the sweets. She must purchase the raw products and spend two or more days preparing the various flours which are to be used in making the confections.

Breakfast is the heaviest meal of the day. Then a table will contain as many as ten little side-dishes, besides soup and rice.

Lunch, and often the families have only two meals a day, includes a bowl of soup with pastries in it, a bit of kim-chee, and red-pepper mash. Supper is a miniature breakfast.

The housewife, with her limited kitchen facilities and the added cold of the winters, does not experiment with foods, as does her Western sister. To the present day no oven has been invented, and the savory dishes of oven-cooking are entirely outside the Korean menu. Oil is very expensive and is used for frying only occasionally. The two things that impress a foreigner about a Korean meal are that everything is very highly seasoned with red-pepper, children partaking of food that a newcomer could not think of eating in comfort; and that there is always kim-chee on the table.

In the early autumn, after the red-peppers are harvested, all about can be seen rich red blotches against the thatch of the roofs. These are peppers that have been

placed there for drying, and not the beautiful foliage of the mountains that is so common. When the peppers are entirely dry the thud-thud of macerating them fills the village or street. A section of a very large tree-trunk has been hollowed to form a deep bowl and the peppers are pounded in this with a huge wooden mallet. One glance at the wielder of the mallet is convincing evidence that the condiment is considered a very necessary article of diet. Her face is swollen and suffused; the very air about makes the tears come and the nostrils sting. A good part of the finished product will be used in making mash. A variety of spices, a little meat chopped fine, and water are added; this is boiled and placed in the sun to ripen, and is delicious when well prepared. The use of this condiment in such quantities may have some relation to the fact that, with the exception of the cereal, the soup, and another hot dish, the Korean foods are served cold. This is in striking contrast to the food of

the Chinese, who eat everything piping hot and use almost no red-pepper.

Many of the side-dishes, such as the red-pepper mash, are prepared only once a season and placed in crocks. The courts are always lined with such crocks of all sizes, some being large enough for an adult to hide in, some so small as to hold only a small melon. These vessels are always furnished with tightly fitting covers which are removed on sunshiny days, for it is upon the sun's action that the flavors of many rest. As one looks into the court of a home of wealth, one thinks of the "forty barrels of boiling oil," there are so many of these large brown vessels. On one side of such enclosures there is always a clearing. Just before the first frost, the ground is dug up and a number of large crocks are buried. These are for the kim-chee, the national dish.

After the cotton-padded clothes have been made, the housewife must turn her mind to the annual preparation of kim-

chee which is vastly more important than fruit-preserving is in the West. The first week of November finds the streets filled with carts and jiggies loaded with Korean cabbage, a vegetable that has long waxen-white stalks and large green leaves, looking something like an overgrown bunch of celery. Indeed, among Occidentals, it is often called "celery cabbage."

The carts are small two-wheeled ones pulled by a single man, or four-wheeled ones drawn by a slow-moving ox. There is no device for reins for driving the animal, and the man who accompanies the load walks by its head, guiding it. In transportation of necessities to the inland villages which are not touched by railroad, these men walk very often over a hundred miles, their feet protected by nothing but rough straw sandals. Should a farmer not own a cart, he carries his produce to market on a jiggy. These are made by fastening parallel, the space between be-

ing the width of the carrier's back, two large crotches cut from a tree. A basket or tray rests in the angles of the crotches. Rope is fastened to each side, forming loops through which the man thrusts his arms. Loads carried in this manner are often enormous. It is not uncommon to find a carrier who can manage five hundred pounds for no short distance.

Every available space is planted with cabbage, but a safe estimate of one hundred heads per capita per season tells that all grown in the district is never enough, and so these loads have come from far in the country. Not infrequently the cart or jiggy has been brought over a distance that has taken two to three days to cover. A load may bring a yen or two, for when full-grown these plants are both large and heavy, and three sen a head is top price.

Kim-chee " bees " are held in every village and district. Even schools observe this busy time with a three-day vacation so that time can be devoted to the making.

Each household takes its turn, every one helping the designated house for the day. A large household will put up as many as a thousand heads of cabbage and two or three hundred pounds of turnips, which are also an ingredient of kim-chee. Both vegetables are thoroughly cleansed at the wells. Everything is then soaked in brine for a night. The turnips are then simply scraped and cut, but the cabbage is treated more elaborately. While the washing has been going on, others have prepared a finely blended mixture of ginger, garlic, onion, red-pepper (both the shredded and the pulverized), mustard, cinnamon, and shrimp paste. This latter is often varied with fish. Each cabbage is then carefully filled with the prepared paste, each leaf being separated from the adjoining ones and a generous amount tucked in. In parting the leaves, great care is taken each time not to break the leaves from the mother stalk. The stuffed cabbages are then placed in the buried "toques" or

TOQUES IN THE COURTYARD.

A Jiggy Carrier.

crocks, where their own juice gradually seeps out and immerses the contents. A lid is provided and the toques sealed up to undergo the necessary changes brought about by freezing. The pickle is at its best for the New Year holiday, when it is often necessary to break the ice on the surface to be able to reach any of the cabbage. The supply is always sufficient to last until the end of spring, when the warm weather excites fermentation and renders it unfit for use.

The foreigner is yet to be found who does not enjoy this relish, even among those whose taste for such seasonings as those used is lacking. A newcomer is never in the country very long before he comments upon the beautiful white teeth of most of the inhabitants. This is attributed by those who have studied the matter somewhat to the universal use of kimchee, with its firm texture and salt content.

During the hot months a similar relish

is made every morning. This is naturally simpler, and only small amounts may be prepared, for, by night, the heat has soured it. Even in summer, however, in this relish, as in kim-chee, red-pepper abounds. The relish is served cut crosswise, and is very attractive with the red of the pepper, the yellow of the ginger, and the white and green of the cabbage itself.

In the North, famed for its buckwheat noodles, the juice is used instead of broth, the noodles being thoroughly chilled before being used. Buckwheat noodles are eaten the country over as a simple meal or luncheon dish, and, in the meat-shops, bone is as expensive as the meat, for there is such a demand for soup. In a city where there are many noodle eating-houses, there will also be a soup-shop. Here there can be seen at any time of the day or night a great vat of bubbling soup-stock which may be purchased by the gallon for each establishment. These eating-houses must

grind their own flour and make their own noodles, so they are very glad to be able to purchase broth already prepared.

One marvels always at the amount of work that is accomplished with the simple devices available. The noodles, for instance, are made by forcing a batter through small perforations drilled through a scooped-out log. The force is applied by the end of another log formed so that it just fits the aperture. When it is brought down, the noodles formed fall directly into a small kettle of boiling water where they are cooked immediately, to keep them from sticking together. They are again heated before being served, and with a rich soup-stock and garnish they furnish as nourishing and tempting a dish as could be wished for.

No eating-house would think of serving such a dish without the national relish, and the amount of cabbage prepared by these public houses is enormous, for a patron may demand as much of it as he pleases.

The seasonings are less expensive, and often consist of very little other than the hot spices. Such delicacies as shrimp paste and shredded pear—which is indeed a luxury—are entirely unknown to their menus.

At the Well.

Typical Market Scene at Kim-Chee Time.

CHAPTER VIII

KOREAN SWEETS, AND GINSENG

THERE are few every-day sweets in a Korean child's life. This has had the happy effect of developing each child into a nature-student as well as a nature-lover. Each boy and girl knows the exact time of season to seek a tidbit in the mountains. Like their elders, they think nothing of walking five or six miles in search of the berry they know to be ripe. In early summer, when the days are long, these little figures may be seen on the roads hurrying home with their small baskets filled with wild strawberries. A month later, they are found climbing trees loaded down with the native date, a small greenish-brown fruit that has a pleasant sweet taste and, when dried, is used in soups, puddings, and fancy cakes in the winter months. Still later, their pockets are found bulging

with a bright orange-colored fruit that is also sweet. The pulp is eaten carefully, without breaking the contour of the skin. These skins the children then inflate until a sharp report announces that the pseudo-balloon has reached its limit in size. In early fall a few chestnuts in their green burrs are taken home so the children may watch them burst their bonds; but the crop is allowed to ripen on the trees. Even in winter the boys and girls know where to look between the rocks for a certain long slender succulent root that is as sweet as sugar-cane, but most tender.

Being in the mountains so much has its advantage, for there is seldom news that a child has been lost. In the most remote regions one will come upon a small figure with a little jiggy upon his back. In one hand he carries a bamboo rake, and we know immediately that he is out gathering fire-wood for the family fireplace. There are no dead branches underfoot in these mountains. Even the pine-needles that

have been shed have been raked together and carried away for fuel. Where there are no schools or the family is too poor to send the children, the little ones spend their entire time, from early morning right after breakfast until supper-time at dusk, searching for fire-wood. It is small wonder that these children can tell where they will find the delicate pink azalea which they consider such good food.

The greatest find, however, is that of real ginseng, and the quest is such an art that no child has ever brought it home. The ginseng plant is, above ground, an unobtrusive shrub of few leaves. It is the root that is valuable and, although the likeness is hard to be seen, it is supposed to resemble the human form; the more it resembles a man, the more precious does it become. All the nations of the East prize this herb for its supposed life-giving properties, and much of the export trade here is of cultivated ginseng. Occasionally men as much as eighty or ninety years of age

may be seen going about their daily routine in the severest of winter's cold with no heavy outer protection. Invariably these men will give a history of poor health in early youth that was entirely overcome by the use of the herb, which must be "genuine" to have real powers. The cultivated species is used widely as a tonic, but no marvels are accredited to it. A return of good health attributed to it is supposedly enjoyed for only a period of from two to three years, whereas the effects of "genuine" ginseng are said to cover at least thirty years.

Those seeking the precious native species usually devote their lives to it. It becomes almost a religion, for often the hunters are not compensated adequately for the privations which they so often must bear, and a fanatical zeal must actuate them. The mountains are still inhabited by tigers and other dangerous wild animals, and not infrequently these men do not come back from the search.

Before going into the mountains these men renounce everything worldly. They then cleanse themselves as thoroughly as is in their knowledge, in mind, body, and dress. Never during the search are they contaminated by contact with man and his lowly life. Food consists of such berries, roots, shrubs, and nuts as can be found; drink is only that from the cool streams that abound. They sleep in the open, learning to endure temperatures that others could not stand. Morning and night they offer fervent prayers to the gods, asking that they be made worthy of such a mission. Such men may live in this manner in the mountains for as long as ten years before they have made their find, and it is not peculiar that, after such solitude and concentration of thought on clean living, they have about them an indefinable atmosphere of peace of mind. The ordinary mountain-climber or casual visitor has no means of even identifying this herb, and it is probably only the long

living with the shrubs of different kinds and the closeness with which they study each one that enable the seekers to find the precious ginseng root.

Not all of these men are successful, by any means. Some, after devoting as many as twenty years to the search, give it up, feeling that they, in some way, have not been worthy and on this account have not succeeded. These men become very often the sages of their communities, they have so learned the tolerance of living. It would seem that since the genuine root is so powerful, the finding of it would mean success in everything. As a matter of fact, after such a find is made, the man is in as much trouble as he was in starting on his search.

On account of the ever-ready market for the real, there are always impostors who are stocked with clever imitations selected from the cultivated supply. These tricksters are very shrewd and, with their silver tongues, are able to convince

the buyer that there is none more real. For their pains they often receive as much as five thousand yen. The truth is known, however, after the medicine is taken and such an experience makes the buyer more wary. The interesting thing is that these herb-believers never for a minute lose faith in the efficacy of the herb that has been sold them; if it falls short of expected results, it is simply not the grade it was supposed to be.

It is to this suspicious market that the man who has spent the best part of his life in hardship comes. Often he trudges through hundreds of villages unable to convince any one, for, unlike his shrewd brother, his long separation from man has made his speech less cunning, and, in the end, he sells for a mere pittance to keep from starving. On one occasion that we knew of, the man who purchased was a poor man and he regained his health so miraculously that the rich of the village who would not believe offered a great sum

for the discoverer to start another search. His faith in mankind gone, he refused and soon died from the exposure he had suffered going from village to village.

Ginseng, in Western medicine, is not supposed to have any value, and yet when one sees the faith and apparent well-being of the users in the East, one wonders if the method of preparation can have any bearing on its reputed efficacy. The root is grated carefully and steamed with a squab, a pheasant, or a particularly tender bit of venison. Like all Oriental medicines, it is not taken in concentrated form in small quantities, but in abundant quantities like an effusion. One of the favorite uses of the dried date is to accompany bowls of dark bitter teas, for few herbs are given in as palatable form as the ginseng.

CHAPTER IX

THE EMPEROR AND HIS SUBORDINATES

When I was a boy, the Emperor still reigned in all his splendor.* His Highness lived in Seoul, which at once marked it as the only worth-while place in the country. To every Korean, then, there were just two divisions of the peninsula, Seoul and the "Segul," which means country in the sense of rural district. From childhood until death every true native cherished a secret ambition to visit Seoul, for if royalty had chosen it of all sites, it must be really the choice of the land.

Traveling to Seoul always meant days

*Following the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-5, a Japanese protectorate was established over Korea, since which time this ancient kingdom has not known independence. In 1907 the Emperor abdicated in favor of the Crown Prince. In 1910 the Emperor yielded his sovereignty to Japan, and Korea was formally annexed to the Japanese Empire. Members of the Korean Imperial House and high officials were given Japanese titles, dignities, and honors, but were deprived of all semblance of power. It was at this time that Korea's ancient name, Cho-Sen, was revived.

of weary walking, for oxen were used only to carry baggage or produce to be sold; but, in spite of this, whenever the opportunity presented itself, even the small boy was up before dawn and in a short while could be found stumbling along behind his father, who seemed better able to feel the deep ruts in the heavy darkness. Under ordinary circumstances there was some complaint, if only out of fear of the dark; but on such an occasion, the joy in his heart made his feet light, and he came home with tales of the sights he had seen that made even the largest boy in the village stand in awe.

As the party came to the outskirts of the village, even in the dark a great pile of stones loomed up and cast a dark shadow. This was a "Devil Pile," an acknowledgment of the tradition that evil spirits dwelt there; and to insure a safe journey the passer-by was expected to contribute to the heap. So such heaps grow in size as the years pass, not because

DEVIL POST AND PILE OF STONES OPPOSITE.

DRYING GINSENG.

SORTING FOR MARKET.

the old superstition is still believed in, but, more probably, because the placing of the rocks affords a break in the monotony of a trip that is through a country where there is little change in things that one meets.

Lunch was always prepared at home, and when the sun was high the party stopped to refresh itself. Distances were so calculated that at sundown travelers were well within the hospitality of another village. A curfew sounded in the cities at this time and, at the first stroke, the massive iron gates which stood open through the day were swung shut. Any traveler wishing to enter the city had to do so before this time, for, once closed, the gates could not be opened until dawn the next morning, and since guards were always stationed, scaling the wall would have meant death. This custom of closing the gates early, as well as that of closing the houses and inns at sundown in the villages, was probably for protection against ani-

mals as much as against wandering warring bandits.

Big game in Korea was unusually plentiful, for firearms were very limited, both on account of the cost and the fact that only two classes might possess such weapons. These were the professional hunter, and the man of the leisure class who was able to afford it for entertainment.

The professional hunter tracked his quarry for miles before he could corner it. After shooting it, he had to carry it on his back to the nearest village to sell. If his game proved too large, such as a tiger —and this was not uncommon—a two-wheeled cart was borrowed from the nearest farmer and the prey taken to the hunter's own village. He immediately flayed the beast and took the skin to the presiding magistrate as a gift, for he had committed a crime, that of having killed a king of beasts; and an old tradition says that a mere commoner cannot kill a king,

be he man or beast. The magistrate, upon receiving the skin, ordered the man flogged for his deed. This was a formality to appease the gods, and the flogging was light indeed. After a sharp rebuke and more flogging, the culprit was ordered to stand directly before the magistrate, who presented him with a small silken bag. The hunter bowed deeply and was dismissed. The bag always contained a number of gold coins, as many as the magistrate deemed a good price for the skin. He never took unfair advantage, which could have been done so easily, since the skin might be sold to no one else.

These magistrates were usually men possessed of a keen knowledge of human reactions for they had themselves very often encountered hardships, appointed as they were. Korea was divided into thirteen provinces, with a governor at the head of each one. This man was directly responsible to the Emperor, who chose these subordinates in a simple manner.

Every year examinations in Chinese classics were held in each province. The only requisite for eligibility was that the candidate must be fifteen years of age. Social status, wealth, and family were of no consequence. The number of times that one person might aspire to enter as a candidate was unlimited, and there are cases on record of men who tried and failed for twenty years in succession.

These examinations were a thorough test of the candidate's knowledge of the classics, and the year between was always spent in hard study. The family endured any privation to allow the one member all the leisure that such a scholar deserved. Only the highest was chosen; that meant only one candidate in each province every year was successful, however large the number of contestants might be. The successful scholar was given the highest position vacant in the official ranks of his province at the time.

This was a time of anxiety for the gov-

ernors, for their terms were of no definite period. They might be deposed at any time by their fanciful Emperor, who very often gave the coveted position to a new scholar who had taken his fancy. Once appointed, the governor selected his own officers, who were naturally friends of his humbler days, rather than known scholars. In this manner he appointed his magistrates who took care of a certain area of the province. These officers were the last court of appeal, and at any time when an amicable agreement could not be reached, each alone heard the case and passed judgment upon it.

In the village where we attended school there was a striking case of common sense, which, at the time, was considered infinite wisdom, and which settled a dispute between an oil vender and a crippled blind man. The oil vender had come before the official on the plea that the blind man had taken a sack of money from him. In returning to the village it had been neces-

sary to cross the river by the flat-bottomed ferry. In those times cash and copper pieces were most common as currency, and were the forms of money with which the oil peddler would most likely have been paid. His sales were not large, for as he would go from house to house, each housewife would purchase only enough to fill her tiny bowl for the light of the evening.

Business had been better than usual on that day, so his money-bag was too heavy to keep in his hand, and, of course, much too bulky to put into his pocket. He, accordingly, had put the bag on the floor of the ferry between himself and the blind man, who had stood next to him. Carrying money in such fashion was common, and when the bag had been placed on the floor, it had not been done noiselessly; instead, the bag had hit the floor with the customary dull jangle of the cash. As the ferry neared the opposite moorings, the oil-man had drawn his pipe out

FERRYING.

PLOWING.

PLANTING RICE.

and was lighting the tiny bowl (the stems seem to be far more important than the bowl for they are at least a foot long, while the bowl is never more than an inch in diameter) when the ferry docked. When he had finished he was astounded to find that the blind man had reached down, picked up the bag (for he, too, had noticed the sound of money), and had already started off the ferry. The oil-seller had rushed after the thief and remonstrated, but to no avail.

Onlookers had championed the blind man, for how could a man who was both blind and a cripple steal from a man who was in possession of his five senses? So much haranguing had followed that a good citizen had decided they should all go before the magistrate of the village, who was a man of fairness and sound judgment.

After hearing the case, this good man retired to his study for a few minutes of clear thinking. On returning in a short

while, to the surprise of every one present, a servant accompanied him bearing in his arms a large brass bowl filled with cold water. This, at a sign from his master, the servant placed in the center of the room. Without explanation, the magistrate next ordered that the bag of money be emptied into the vessel. In a short time oil floated on the surface of the water, much to the joy of the oil-man and to the great consternation of the onlookers who had defended the blind man so vigorously. The hands of the two men were next examined. There was not a vestige of oil to be seen on those of the cripple, but those of the oil-vender were covered with grease spots ingrained in the skin, for he had had no opportunity to wash them.

At another time, this same magistrate was awakened from his afternoon nap by two men talking to the world at large in heated tones, and holding between them a bolt of very valuable lace. Both claimed ownership. The wise man calmly sug-

gested that the bolt be cut into two parts, since ownership could not be decided. The eagerness and satisfaction showed so plainly on one face that the lace was immediately awarded the other man, for experience had taught the judge that no man would be so willing to divide valuables, were they really his.

In such interesting villages, where rice-growing is the main occupation, nights were spent by the travelers from the "Segul" to Seoul, housed in one of the many small inns. The ox was fed his tub-ful of boiled bean-mash and housed under an adjoining roof. These animals will eat no other food, and the upkeep of any stock is no small problem, for a great deal of fuel is required to cook the fodder. Obedient to habit, each member of the family went into the open before retiring for the night, to assure himself that the beacon burned brightly on the mountain peak in that particular district and all was well.

It has been said that, in Korea, a

traveler cannot go ten miles in any direction without being able to see one of the higher peaks of the region. Knowing this to be true, one of the old rulers devised a signal system. Bonfires were started at dusk in the South, and the signal was picked up and repeated at certain specified peaks, so that, from the palace in Seoul, he could look out upon South Mountain and know whether all was well by the presence or absence of a fire. No man might light his fire until he had seen the signal from the next peak south. The northern fires were not so important, for there were no covetous nations or warring tribes in that direction.

CHAPTER X

THE CAPITAL

After more days of continuous walking, the party finally reached its destination at dawn, which was the best time to dispose of any produce that had been brought to sell.

The markets of Seoul were filled with carts, oxen, and jiggies laden with every kind of food. Here the street-venders had come together, and were bargaining shrewdly for their day's stock, for more food is sold by peddling from house to house than is bought from the markets as they are known in the West.

Sightseeing began for the folk from the countryside as soon as their load was disposed of, for the actual period of stay was short, so much time had been consumed in travel. The palace-grounds could be seen

from afar only, but the colors delighted the boy's heart. He had never seen painted structures before, the royal edict proclaiming such adornment for royal use only. The palace was like an elaborate and glorified Korean house, the audience-chamber occupying the center at one end of the court and being at least four feet higher than the rest of the structures.

Immediately before this chamber was a large flat stone, the thing dearest to the commoner's heart. Palace-grounds meant to the majority no more than the resting-place for this stone on which, when the Emperor still reigned, any case could be placed if the litigant was not satisfied with judgment rendered by the magistrate in his district. Any ruler would be much loved by his people who could devise a means by which his personal attention could be brought to so humble a thing as the problem of a commoner.

Directly across the city is South Mountain. On its summit at a specified time of

day the appellant in the case was required to build a bonfire, which signified that a magistrate's decree was appealed to the crown. The signal was seen by the Emperor, who then consented to hear the case. Runners were then dispatched to bring to the palace information regarding the controversy, which the appellant carried with him fully written out. His Highness then reviewed the case, the understanding being that whatever judgment was returned, it would be absolutely final.

It would naturally be thought that such appeals would have been too numerous for attention, and yet, when this procedure was the custom, there were very few who actually took advantage of it. The natives are characteristically modest, so such presumption had entered few of their heads, however important or unfair the case may have seemed to them.

Mulberry Palace is across the city, but one must see this huge palace that was

built in the seventeenth century and yet was uninhabited by any member of the royal family. Just as it was being completed, a snake fell off the massive outer gate. In this country, as in most others, the snake is the symbol of evil. The fact that one had even been so near as to get on the gate was so odious that no royal individual has ever had the courage to defy superstition.

Following this same road the Peking Pass is reached; this is the Western city limit. The pass is typical of the beautiful granite openings flanked by the range of mountains with their blue haze. It is always one of interest to the native, for it brings back to him all of the glories of the days gone by. It derives its name from the fact that the road was really used by the caravans that passed between China and Seoul.

Annually, the respective emperors would pay court to each other by sending long caravans with every describable fruit

GRINDING THE VILLAGE GRAIN.

INTRICATELY CARVED WHITE MARBLE PAGODA.

and delicacy, silks, ivories, and other precious things. It is a well-known fact that, when these caravans started, there would be hundreds of camels and donkeys loaded with the cargo. At the end of the long trip, however, there would be not more than fifty animals bearing only the most personal gifts. The attendants had feasted most heartily on the edibles, and bartered with the folk of the wayside until their load was reduced to only those precious things that they dared not touch.

There is still a park in the capital which is called Pagoda Park, after a beautiful white marble pagoda, the gift of one of the Chinese empresses to the Korean empress of that time. Because of the difference in size as well as prestige of the countries, the messengers from the Chinese court felt themselves superior. It was at this pass, where great stone-posts have since been erected, that these arrogant couriers halted and delivered their gifts and messages. They could not allow

their dignity to suffer the humility of going farther into the capital of a country so much smaller than their motherland.

The young man of the party was duly impressed with these historic sites, but he was infinitely more interested in the games the children were playing. A new game to carry back would be much more valuable than the tales he might tell.

For the first time he saw pitch-penny. A shallow hole is scooped out of the ground and a boy, standing about eight or ten feet from this hole, will try to toss a number of coins in it. Any coins that fall into the hole are his. Of those remaining on the ground about, he designates which he will strike with a leaden disc which he has. Should he strike the indicated coin, they are all his; should he fail, the opportunity then falls to his rival.

A variation of battledore and shuttlecock was also seen. The shuttlecock is made of a coin wrapped in paper, which is twisted in such a manner that the shuttle-

cock will always fall through the air, coin downward. The improvised battledore is the side of the foot, and no little practice is required before the player can balance himself, hopping about on one foot, and keeping the shuttlecock in the air with the other.

While the older travelers discussed the history of the site before them, the boy took his opportunity to join the group of children squatting in a corner telling stories of "tokgabis," imps of mischief, who make life a burden to most housewives and children. There are always stories of these imps who promise wealth to those with whom they work. Their victim commits the deed required by the terms of a compact, but the promise fails and the man finally dies.

There are other stories that tell of a child's punishment by the crash of thunder, which is another form that these imps may assume. To protect themselves from the charms of these spirits a bit of silver,

or something red in color, or a bit of tree struck by lightning is carried, and a child's pocket will commonly contain one of these things, for a "tokgabi" is the Korean child's "Boogie Man."

The favorite stories are those of animals that have the power of assuming the shape of a human; changelings, so to speak. The fox, tiger, wild boar, and toad are always bad. When any of these animals assume human shape, it is to perform malicious tricks. The favorite themes are of a fox turning into a woman and stealing some silver candlesticks for a party that the foxes are giving; and of the wild boar that drinks water that has lain in a human skull for twenty years. This boar immediately assumes the shape of a man, who then bewitches almost an entire village, but a stray dog crosses his path one day, and the boar immediately resumes his original shape, scampering quickly towards the mountains while the good people go to the house he has been occupy-

ing and recover the grain and money which they have given so foolishly, while charmed. The rabbit, dragon, and tortoise are always good creatures, and any stories woven around them have to do with kindnesses. For example, a man lies starving by the roadside when he is accosted, carried to a beautiful home near by, and nourished to health. He leaves when fully recovered in strength and, after regaining his fortune (for these animals can exercise a good influence over the future), returns to thank and reward these kind people. Imagine his consternation to find no such building as he remembered in the vicinity. After much futile search he realizes that a family of rabbits had taken on human form and cared for him.

Almost every district has, in its history, been the site of battle, and stories of the battlefield are in every boy's repertoire. There is the well-known one about the siege of Kong-Ju.

Rebels were encamped without the city

wall, and, on the last night, a star from the skies had fallen into the besieged city, an ill omen which the rebels interpreted as favorable for their side. Feeling victory inevitable, they decided to wait until morning before breaking down the gates. During the night, however, the guards were startled by the ascent of the fallen star. This news was rushed to the general who was so impressed by the reversal of the judgment of the heavens that he at once ordered the troops to make ready, and in a few hours the rebels decamped.

What really happened was that the general within the city was of a peculiarly stubborn nature and omens did not hold first place in his consideration. Since the rebels had not shown any action after dark, he had time to think quietly. He knew at the falling of the star that they would rush the gates in the morning and all would be lost, for the hungry people within would never be able to resist concentrated attack. Towards midnight an

idea came. He would take advantage of the wind that had come up. Calling for his subordinates, he ordered a large kite made; in other quarters, he ordered made a large lantern. When all was finished, the kite was sent into the air with the lighted lantern attached to it. The ruse was simple, and yet, knowing the emphasis that the ordinary person placed on omens, it was not done without foundation. No one was anxious to offend the gods. It was this lantern ascending into the sky that was seen from the enemy's camp and reported as an ascending star. Gods may change their judgments, as well as men.

Still another legend has to do with the attacking of Silla. In the beginning of the Christian era, Korea was divided into three kingdoms: Pakche covering the southwest area, Koguryu the north, and Silla the southeast. The latter kingdom was the most cultured, devoting its energies to the arts. Even to-day there

stands a stone observatory in its old capitol with records of eclipses and the passing of meteors. In this same city there still hangs a huge bell, one of the largest in the world, a standing proof of the civilization of a peace-loving kingdom. The tales of Silla are dear to the native's heart, for, with the help of China, she was able to overthrow the other two kingdoms which had made innumerable attacks in the past, and, for the first time in Korean history, in 700 A. D., the whole peninsula was one kingdom. During these struggles there were many periods of doubt as to which would be the victor. It was in one of these crises that the popular legend of " Bamboo Leaves " sprang up.

When the end seemed imminent at one particular time, a large number of warriors appeared who were like ordinary men but had ears of bamboo leaves. These newcomers routed the enemy and saved the day. The next morning bamboo leaves were found strewn over the grave of the

father of the ruling king, showing that the spirit of the father had come to the son's help. At another time the army was saved by tortoises that massed themselves together in a line and allowed the warriors to cross the waters by stepping on their backs.

These legends are fanciful, but are always built about a fact of history. So even the small boy knows the history of his country, however much he may elaborate on the folk-lore of the conquests, and he is always aware of just how much is truth.

The shops in the city come in for the just appreciation of all visitors from the Segul, for in the country such establishments are unknown. The visitor wonders how commodities are procured, and can never understand until he sees a " Chang " day.

For five days of the week the village is dormant. The road is filled with children at play, perhaps, but their elders are

busy in the fields or by the streams. On the sixth day, at daybreak, the farmers, peddlers, and artisans begin to arrive. By noon, the village is bustling with noise and business. Each has spread his wares on the ground and a great bartering follows, with much loud talk and gesticulation. It is the one time of the week in which the pent-up sociability of each man finds vent. Industrious housewives sell or trade food for thread, needles, and other necessities. Grain is given for a shovel. Little money is exchanged, for it is both scarce and in such circumstances unnecessary, since one can barter for everything needed in simple and frugal homes.

In the cities, however, there are real shops, small and dimly lighted often, but, nevertheless, adequate. The shopkeeper sits on a raised floor with his stock arranged on shelves about him. We realize that the bartering of the countryside has left its mark when we hear him arguing price with the customer. A native knows

what the value of an article is, and, regardless of how much more the shopkeeper has demanded, is able to buy at his price. To a Westerner this method of doing business is annoying, for at any price he feels that perhaps he might have done better. When a man seems too eager to sell at an offered price, there is a great temptation to quote a still lower one. This would be considered a most serious breach, for a bargain once made must hold, regardless of whether or not it is satisfactory. With this in mind, the buyer always thinks twice before speaking. These shops do a thriving business the month before New Year's, but from May until November they suffer, for the night market offers too much diversion.

As soon as the sun is down, during this time, the street changes its atmosphere. On each side of the street men are busy putting up poles and tables, over which they later stretch thin cotton cloth. By the use of tacks and the indispensable

straw rope, each has soon devised a small booth. These booths are roofless and, during the six weeks of the rainy season, in the summer, business is suspended the greater part of the time. Anything may be purchased at this market, which opens at sundown and closes at midnight. In one section are clothes, shoes, piece goods; in another tempting fruits; in still another dried foodstuffs, vegetables, condiments, and fresh fish.

The waters of Korea are unusually alive, and dried fish are furnished both China and Japan through the export trade, and yet, throughout the seasons, there is an abundance on the market at a very reasonable sum. It is not unusual to see at these markets men, with jiggies of fish or vegetables, who have walked a hundred li, or thirty-three miles, since daybreak to sell their loads.

There is an air about the streets at night market time that is almost festive. Every one is singing his wares; not simply call-

A Common Sight in Seoul.

Musical Instruments.

ing them, but actually singing with his own melody. There is an odor of savory soup about, for enterprising women know that men who have traveled far must also be hungry, and there are crowds and crowds, some looking but many purchasing. All is done with the leisure of the East. There is no hurry; a woman may spend an hour bargaining for a set of six bowls.

CHAPTER XI

IMPORTANT MILE-STONES

THREE events are mile-stones in every Korean's life: birth, marriage, and death. Of the last, which is really the least in importance to the person, we have spoken. With birth and marriage we shall deal now, for marriage marks the end of boyhood.

BIRTH

It is commonly said in the West that girl babies in the Orient are left to perish. This is unfair; the originator of that bit of misinformation was probably thinking of the time of famine when life of any kind seemed of little value indeed. It is true that boys in a family are very important, for the family name must be carried on. Were the family to consist of girls only, they would be loved and

cared for with tender devotion, but every effort would be made that a man-child might be given the household. The desire is so intense that many really intelligent men who are sonless turn to the old superstitions, which are, at least, interesting.

There was an old man in our village who had reached the age of fifty before taking a wife. This was unusual at the outset, for the majority of men are married young. This particular man, however, had been left an orphan at the age when most boys are spinning tops, and, after much hardship, had succeeded in becoming a salt-peddler. Salt is used extensively in making the universal bean-sauce with which every main dish is seasoned, and, in villages, could be procured only when a vender appeared. It has been said that such a peddler could start out with a large bag of salt in his jiggy and, by traveling in and out of small villages, could earn a good profit besides making his living for three months. This means

constant moving, and the man mentioned had never been able to remain long enough in one village to convince a "go-between" that he could support a family. After many unsuccessful attempts, he made up his mind to wait until he had saved enough to retire.

Eventually he settled down, married, and looked forward fondly, but vainly, to parenthood. After three years of wedlock, he was convinced that the burial-sites of his mother and father were not suitable, and that this had a bearing on his misfortune. So the graves were moved and monuments erected to the spirits of his parents. Huge piles of stones were erected before the sentry-posts of his village, which resembled totem poles to some extent, being carved of the trunks of large trees and representing the protecting spirits of North, East, South, West, and Center. Yet still no heir came.

The following year he sought the services of a "mudong" or sorceress. A par-

ticularly successful one was known to live with her following in a small secluded settlement, beyond the first pass. A pilgrimage to this village meant a large expenditure, for, besides a handsome fee, there must be elaborate offerings of cakes, wines, fruits, and meats for the gods whose aid the sorceress invoked. Feeling his modest wealth useless without a son, he invited the neighbors to attend a ceremonial on the following day in the settlement. The greater the audience, the better able the sorceress is to work, which, in turn, implies the greater the impression upon the gods.

The invitation was received with great eagerness, for the ceremonial was a longed-for treat. Few people had the means for extravagances, and, of those few, still fewer believed in the supernatural powers of these women, who are without social status. Consequently, immediately after breakfast the next morning, villagers were starting to the pass

which was about twenty lis distant. My brother and I were among the earliest, for we intended to see the setting in full array before the crowd arrived.

The village was already in a hubbub when we reached it. The altars had all been arranged, even the huge candles lighted. Apparently the mudong's client had ordered no expense spared, so intent was he on regaining the favor of the gods whom he must have displeased.

The buildings were the ordinary Korean house with the "maru" so constructed that the altars could be accommodated as occasion arose. In this room the walls, instead of being papered in plain white, were covered with vivid scrolls. The houses had been built to form a semicircle; in place of a small individual court for each house, there was only one large main court, shared by every one. Each maru ran tangent to the arc, and, when the altars were in position any one standing in the center of the court could see every

one else. The main altar, at which the sorceress was to perform, stood in the center of the arc.

Ten different altars greeted us as we stepped through the heavy gate, and the sight was impressive, however superstitious it was. Were there nothing but the candles, we should have been duly impressed, for we had never seen such large ones before, much less any that were dyed red—the color used to keep away the household imps. Each altar itself was simple. Three large frames containing vivid prints of as many gods had been placed against the back wall of the room. A raised platform stood before these frames and, on it, were, for each deity, a brass urn with smoking incense, a pair of brass chop-sticks to stir these embers, and a pair of very large brass candlesticks holding the lighted candles. On a lower pedestal rested countless brass stands and bowls which were piled artistically with every imaginable sweetmeat, fruit, and

meat. Cups of wine stood at the base of these offerings, and the attendants, who cared for the incense urns, emptied these cups from time to time before the altar, chanting at each such performance. None of the food thus displayed was wasted; the gods must satisfy their appetites with the odors alone, the food being kept for more appreciative tastes. What else except a big feast would persuade the solicitous neighbors to tramp over forty lis of rough mountainous road?

The main building was larger and, instead of three deities, the number had increased to six. In addition to the offerings common to the other altars, there were, here, two large wild boars which had been barbecued for the day. To the left, we noticed an earthen pot about ten inches in diameter and a foot in height. This was filled to the brim with water that was now sacred, for it had stood before the altar the entire previous night. To the right were the musical instruments.

Music in Korea has a history of fifteen hundred years to its credit and yet has never been cultivated as an art, for those who could contribute most were not possessed of as much leisure as is needed. Long practice is required to perform the classical music well. The movement is slow, and the notes are sustained so long at times that a Westerner wonders if the singer will recover her breath. Most accompaniments of vocal renditions are embodied in the drums alone. These are usually shaped like an hour-glass. The surfaces are held taut over each end by leather thongs on the sides. The performer taps one end rhythmically with a flattened piece of bamboo, striking the other end with the flat of her hand.

The music as sung by the laborers is most appealing to an uncultivated ear. Whenever work is done, it is performed by ten or twelve workers with a leader whose sole duty is to chant a strain of four syllables, which is repeated by the

chorus as they all exert themselves together. This seems like a waste of time, but it has its good points, for it is only the short rests while the leader chants that break the drudgery of the very long hours that they work. There is the possibility of the leader having some initiative, for instead of singing the common chants, he may improvise as he goes along, adding bits of humor that make the work play.

The only wind instrument is the flute, which dates its origin back to the Silla dynasty. There are no bands in Korea. The nearest thing to a musical instrument that the young boy may own is the reed whistle that he can make in the spring, and he has devised a method of fastening two whistles together so that double notes are produced, making music of no mean nature.

By the side of the drum near the altar lay a round flat gong and near it the small padded mallet with which it is rhythmically pounded. A zither completed the

group. This is an instrument at least five feet in length and is triple-strung like the piano. The strings are of gut, however, and the tone is appealing, making the Westerner think of a cello that is being plucked. The performer kneels before the instrument, tuning the strings by shifting high bridges made of leather. Each song has its range, to which the strings must be tuned. The plucking is done with a slender bamboo pick.

By the time our inspection tour of the setting of the ceremonial was finished the crowd had arrived, and, with an appropriately large audience, the "mudong" entered the main altar-room. She was clad in a bright red gown with flowing sleeves and a wide belt of gold embroidery from which were suspended numerous small decorated bags. Around her head was a tight head-dress of the same embroidery. We boys were disappointed. Her costume was ordinary, for a person of supernatural powers. We had ex-

pected some of the magic to be embodied in the dress.

With a low bow to the man who had purchased her services for the day, she turned and walked across the room slowly, as though assembling her strength. She then turned to the altar and, stopping before the central figures, made several obeisances, rubbing her palms together in supplication. A low monotonous undertone could be heard; her magic had started. The orchestra had taken their places and the thump, thump of the drum accompanied the chant which was understood by no one but the most advanced of her followers. In a few minutes the undertone had become almost strident and she added to her performance a jumping movement. From time to time she stopped long enough to cast a fruit or two before the gods, or for an attendant to refresh her by sponging her face with cold water. Other than this there was no interruption and this performance was

kept up for hours, the length of time in all such cases depending upon the remuneration.

After witnessing such a ceremonial one can readily believe, that even though the gods turn a deaf ear, the woman is really entitled to some of the money, at least; she has worked hard, although it has been wasted energy.

When she seemed near exhaustion, the great jar of sacred water was ordered brought to the center of the room. An attendant produced a sheet of white paper which he proceeded to hold tightly stretched over the mouth of the jar. Very carefully, even laboriously, she balanced herself upon the rim of the vessel, chanting and shifting her feet the while. This was the climax of the ritual, the significance being that so great were her powers she was treading water as easily as she had walked on the shiny pine floor. The orchestra joined in the chant at this wonderful feat. The air was filled with a

stridency that dinned in the ears, and every one was relieved when the tension ended. There was then a general clamor. The boars were carried to the low table that stretched the entire length of the court. The many stands of sweetmeats and fruits, all foods, in fact, were brought from the altars, and visitors and host became one at the great feast.

The faith that men such as our host show is remarkable, even when their appeals fail. They spend a great deal of money to achieve their desires, and, however bitterly disappointed, they never blame the cult. They simply explain failure as the result of an insufficient expenditure, and since no one will ever put his whole fortune at the disposal of such a sorceress, the cult is safe from ever having to prove its powers.

Driven at last to a thing he had vowed he would never do, our old neighbor pledged himself to a one-hundred-day period of worship in a Buddhist temple.

Everything had failed to bring him a son. He had made no secret of his violent disapproval of Buddhism, and in a period of introspection had decided that Buddha was punishing him. There was nothing to do but seek the good graces of Buddhist deities. To this day the villagers contend that it was this decision that brought him a son: the gods were willing to forgive a man who was humble enough to admit his mistakes. On the following birthday of the great Buddha there was born a son unto the repentant man. It goes without saying that the most lavish gifts were showered upon the particular temple where he worshipped, after this event, and the man became a most devout Buddhist.

Buddhist teachings concerning conduct during the first week of the child's life were followed most strictly. There could be no laundering throughout the period, for fear the baby's body might bear the markings of the washing-stick. No visitors were allowed, for fear of evil spirits

that would certainly accompany them. A straw rope intertwined with red-peppers was hung over the doorway to frighten those spirits which could travel about alone. No member of the household was allowed to leave the house, for were he to cross any puddle, death would take the child. Choice food was carefully prepared daily and set at the door, with chopsticks. This dish was to divert the attention of any evil spirit hovering about.

Most of these extreme superstitions are smiled at nowadays, but remnants are found to persist just as the influence of primitive superstitions is found among some Westerners. For instance, an expected baby in a Korean home has no layette awaiting it. This is intentional. Having an outfit ready indicates that it is taken for granted the family is to be blessed. This attitude of certainty is too presumptuous, and the family is apt to be punished by the death of the child. Consequently, the spirit of humility is

adopted; the blessing will be most gratefully accepted, but no preparation made.

This may seem fanciful to the Westerner, but there are not many who have not seen some one " knock on wood " after saying something that takes too much for granted. The believers in this superstition are not always the uninformed, by any means. The two precautions are in the same category. The Korean mother of to-day may not actually believe that, were she to prepare the layette, the baby would die of a certainty, but, like her Western sister who taps on wood, she is, she feels, guarding against the possibility.

There is no extra celebration at the time of the birth of a child. This is reserved for the hundredth-day feast to which the friends and relatives flock from far and wide. Gifts are brought at this time and the house is the scene of a great feast centering around the newcomer, who, by this time, has in his wardrobe every conceivable garment.

The Korean child is formally named at this function. Ordinarily, there are three parts to the name, the first being the surname, the second a name chosen by the parents, and the third a name which is common to every individual in one generation of a family.

My own name furnishes an example. It is not, as the title-page of this book indicates, Ilhan New; rather, it is New Il Han. In common with other Oriental boys, I altered my name in the United States in order to conform to Occidental custom. If I had not done so, my teachers and friends would have addressed me as Mr. Han, although my family name is New; and no one likes to have his identity confused in this way. When I returned to the Orient, I resumed the use of my native name in its natural order, though my American friends still address me as before.

The Korean surname is generally the name of a thing, animate or inanimate,

such as horse, field, king, pear-tree; or is descriptive of a character, quality, or condition, as for example, yellow, white, love, or even fool. My surname, New, is the sound the Korean utters when pronouncing the Chinese pictorial character meaning willow-tree. That is why, in my business, I employ as a kind of trade-mark a picture of a willow-tree, the black trunk of which is drawn in the form of the Chinese character mentioned. The Chinese, perhaps you know, do not have an alphabet, building up words out of letters as you do. Instead they use what are known as ideographs in their printing and writing, that is to say, pictures or designs that represent not merely words but ideas. We Koreans have an alphabet, but only of late have we tended to use it extensively for literary purposes. For ages we have written in Chinese and spoken in Korean; hence the influence of the Chinese even in the matter of our names.

The willow-tree is highly honored

among our people, and is a symbol of good qualities, including peace, contentment, character, integrity, dignity, veneration, age, etc.; so my family has never regretted that its name was theirs.

In the second part of my name, which distinguishes me from the other members of my family, there is an element of humor. My father had an orderly but unromantic way of naming his sons, of whom there were five. I, being the first son, was named Il, meaning "one" or "the first." The other boys were, in the order of their arrival, named E, Som, Sar, and O, meaning second, third, fourth,

and fifth. It may have made it easy for Father to avoid confusion, and certainly simplified the problem of naming us, but my brothers seem not to have relished being numbered for, in time, he gave all except myself new names; I preferred to keep mine. In America I consolidated my two given names into one name, Ilhan, because we address each other by both given names, not merely one, as you do.

With us as with you, the surname follows down through family history without change; but the third part is predetermined, also. Unnumbered years ago a system was devised whereby wise and venerable scholars decreed names which should distinguish the members of one generation from another, supposedly dating from the first man to bear the surname. In the case of the New family, which applies to other branches of the family as well as our own, all the boys of this generation have Han for their third name. (Some families place the prede-

termined name in the middle instead of at the end.) Han is a famous name both in Korea and China, and has been borne by kings and dynasties. The large and historic river on which the Korean capital, Seoul, is located is named Han.

So now you see that my name means, "the first Han in the Willow-Tree family." Thus we carry in our names a kind of genealogical history. If a learned old man were to ask me my name and then inquire where my family originated (a question which every Korean expects to be asked and is supposed to be able to answer), he would be able to establish my relationship to any other person of my stock, for he would know the family from which I sprang, the generation to which I belonged, and the name which distinguished me from my brothers.

Recently when I was traveling on a small steamer plying the coast, the steward called on me. He had noted my name on the passenger list, and had observed that

our surnames and the names indicating our generations were identical. He learned from me that the ancient family stronghold was the same in both cases, and so he knew that we were cousins. The remoteness of our relationship was not a matter of concern in a land where much stress is laid on family ties. I profited by his discovery of our distant kinship in the assistance he gave me in finding a good hotel in the city towards which we were bound.

The naming of a child is rendered easier by the fact that genealogy is carefully recorded, hence a parent need never slip in determining the name which is to be applied to any generation. And any man can, by reference to these records, trace his place in the family history by this foreordained part of his name.

When the baby has his first birthday he becomes two years of age, for, even though he be born on New Year's eve, he is accounted a year old. This birthday is

marked by the very important "vocational ceremonial." Every one is invited, strangers as well as friends, for after the great feast it is most important that each shall see for himself what vocation the child has had the wisdom to choose.

Among the guests there is at least one "pansu" or fortune-teller, for he knows from experience that the father of the child is apt to be most generous on this day, even though he have little faith in the fortune told. These men are usually blind men who know their Book of Divination thoroughly. The year, month, day, and hour of the child's birth are told him. By certain combinations of this information he is able to find a Chinese character which gives the key to the specific information in the Book. It would be considered very bad manners, as well as bad business, to quote any destiny but the best, and these crafty men, at these particular gatherings, play shamefully upon the pride of the father who sees nothing

ridiculous in the mention of a future career in officialdom for his son.

A large round table has been made for this day and for this one occasion. At the appointed time, the young man is placed in the center of this table, surrounded by many different objects which have been placed on the edge about him. These objects are typical of the work in which they are most used; for instance, a pen for a scholar; a mulberry leaf for a sericulturist; a bunch of herbs for a doctor; a hoe for a farmer, and so on until there may be counted thirty or forty articles in the collection. The performance may take a goodly share of the afternoon, for although the ceremony is over as soon as the child has crept towards an article and will not give it up, he is alone for the first time among many guests and refuses to be comforted. The custom of carrying the child tied to the back may have the advantage of insuring the constant attention of the mother; still it also carries with

it the disadvantage of breeding into the child the fear of being left alone.

In my day a child was indeed wise who chose the pen, for no higher ambition could be cherished than to be a scholar. Yet, viewed in the light of childhood, the choice is most unfortunate, for from that minute on he is reared with the future in mind. He cannot play like the ordinary child of a commoner, for choosing to be a scholar means dignity and quiet from the start. Many a parent has watched his little son drop the pen and turn to the hoe or mulberry leaf with leaden heart at the little fellow's thoughtlessness. But like the gentleman he is, the parent always accepts the final choice with the best of sportsmanship. Every one feels the choice predestined by the gods and, therefore, the only one to be followed for a peaceful and contented mind.

Marriage

The youth of so important a member

HIS FIRST BIRTHDAY.

BRIDE'S PALANQUIN, COVERED WITH TIGER'S SKIN.

of the family as a son is at the best too short, especially if he should happen to be the oldest son, for as early as at the age of fourteen he is considered eligible for marriage.

To the Western mind this is inconceivable, for a boy of that age can certainly know nothing of the responsibilities of a household. This is true enough, but, in the family system of the East, this is not even a problem. The couple continue to live with the boy's parents, nothing else would be tolerated, and the boy's father supports them. The young man continues with his schooling or apprenticeship in the manner to which he was accustomed before the great event. As each son is married, this procedure takes place, and so there are some households of as many as thirty to fifty members. Where there is enough wealth, the problem of sustenance solves itself. In less fortunate circumstances, however, the sons have not learned to take the heavy responsibility of sup-

porting their families, and the burden of the father is heavy. At his death the entire responsibility of family welfare rests upon the shoulders of the oldest son living.

The situation would be a trying one but for the great reverence shown the elders, and it is unusual to find an old man with such worries. There is never a case of a wealthy son living in luxury with parents who are not enjoying the same life. The older members of the family receive the best the family coffers can afford, and in very few countries are there so many old men and women who have nothing to do but to eat and sleep, even though the income be meager.

As in some other countries of the Old World, the young people have no choice in the matter of their mates. Selection is left entirely to the judgment of the parents who make all arrangements through a "go-between," usually a middle-aged widow who makes her living by pairing off eligibles. This method is not so hard

as it sounds. Parents are anxious to make as suitable and happy marriages for their sons and daughters as possible, and separations are practically unknown, especially for incompatibility.

When a youth is ready for the married state, word goes abroad, and soon the "go-between" pays the family a most formal visit, during which she does nothing but praise the virtues of the son. At the end of this visit she tactfully suggests that such a learned and gifted son as is in the family should certainly bring merited blessings upon his parents by taking into the home a bride. It is then the mother's turn to protest against such lavish praise; and, even though she be bursting with pride, she must never say anything but the most derogatory things of her unworthy offspring. This is the Oriental custom in speaking of anything that belongs to one. The idea probably originated in the marked modesty and humility of the people, and by speaking of their

children in harsh terms they indirectly imply that such as they could not have anything really worthy. No one ever smiles when his host apologizes for such poor food, even though the meal be a feast and the board groaning with the most expensive and exquisite delicacies.

Here the "go-between" has the good taste to depart. She has learned that it is well to make a suggestion and give it time to take root. On her next visit she makes her first business stroke by going over the list of eligible girls with her hostess. Of these there is usually one particularly suited for the boy in question, and so many good points are brought out in which the mother is at once interested.

Once the ice is broken between them, the two women discuss family records, wealth of the families concerned, and the other essentials very freely and thoroughly, and the business manager knows that it is for her own good that the truth be told about all details, for upon proof

of any deceit the match may be annulled, a stain that no match-maker wishes to live to see. She outwardly shows every sign of dubiousness as to whether the young girl's family will entertain a thought of marriage. Parting with such a jewel would mean the sacrifice of the family's happiness. The mother beseeches her at least to try, and seems so upset at the uncertainty that the " go-between " finally consents to undertake the difficult task of persuasion. She knows that the more hopeless she can make the match seem, the greater will be her remuneration.

As she climbs into her chair, a small curtained compartment that is carried by two men, she chuckles with satisfaction. She has not been in this business for ten years without having learned some lessons. For one thing, she has learned that it is a wise procedure to assure herself that the boy's family is of better financial standing than the girl's, and that alone has a great deal of weight. After many

visits the woman announces the families both satisfied, and preparations are made for the wedding.

Contrary to Western custom, the home of the bridegroom is the one that is responsible for the feast and ceremony. No festivities take place at the bride's home, which has more work than is possible for hands to finish. The silks and cottons must be dyed and ironed before being used, in the case of colored clothes, and this is the one time when the skirts and little jackets are made in pretty shades. A wedding in a village means a contribution from each villager. Each neighbor sends his gift of meat, rice, vegetable, grains, and all other necessities for the prolonged celebration.

On the day of the wedding, if this has not been done at the engagement, the boy's hair is brought to the top of his head and twisted into the knot which means arrival at manhood. If a man be unmarried at even the late age of twenty, his hair must

remain down his back; he is still a boy, with only those privileges accorded the children.

On his wedding-day he dons a long brown coat which has been made for the occasion. On his head he wears a small, brimless, horsehair hat, on each side of which is fastened a small horsehair wing. The outfit is that of a courtier and a wedding is the only occasion on which a commoner might even dare think of wearing it. This concession was granted by one of the old rulers, who felt the importance of marriage so great that the highest honor in dress should be allowed the groom. The hat was especially devised for courtiers. The wings were provided to suggest that any rumor of disloyalty should be stopped instantly and taken to the king. High boots, made of very thick felt, complete the groom's costume.

When ready, he is lifted by two friends into an uncomfortable saddle fastened on the back of a spotless white pony. These

saddles are very high and the boy preserves his balance only with the aid of two friends walking at his sides, while another leads the little beast. This ensemble is followed by two other friends who carry a goose and a gander, as symbols of fidelity.

At the bride's home every one has been busy getting the bride ready, for the groom must not find that he has to wait. Her little face has been painted with a thick coating of wet powder. On each cheek a large spot of carmine has been painted. This is set off by a similar red spot in the center of her forehead. Her hair has been put up for the first time; it is coiled low on her neck and shines from the oil that has been applied. As with the groom, the clothes that grace her body are fashioned after the usual court attire, and are of beautiful silk, tinted often a faint shell-pink. Her eyes are sealed shut, for modesty forbids that she see anybody or anything on this day.

When the groom's party arrives, the members are conducted to another wing of the house and given light refreshments. While they are thus enjoying themselves, the bride is carried out bodily to the waiting palanquin, which has been decorated for the event with a tiger's skin, which, in ordinary times, can be used only by ladies of the court. Four men, wearing small round felt hats and loose blue coats, carry the chair, which is followed by from four to six women on foot. These attendants have balanced on their heads black lacquer trunks containing the trousseau. There is an unfortunate custom at this time which compels the bride's family to provide a trousseau that will last many years and, whether it can be afforded or not, the best is provided. The number of these trunks ordinarily indicates the wealth of the house; in some cases, however, it indicates the debts of the parents, for, even though they must borrow, an elaborate trousseau is considered necessary. The groom's

party brings up the rear of the wedding procession.

Once at his home, the bride is carried from the chair to the bride's table which has been heaped with delicacies. Fruits and vegetables have been cut to look like butterflies, fish, and many different flowers; there are raw chestnuts peeled and cut into fancy shapes; boiled chestnuts, and sugared ones; meats and fowl; elaborate bowls of kim-chee; every ornamental dish has been pressed into service. All this is for a frightened little girl who can see nothing and who can eat only what is offered her.

The bridegroom is now led to his place opposite his bride, whom he meets for the first time, but whom he does not even dare look at, so great is his embarrassment. Each has two attendants who tell them to bow low to each other three times. A dainty morsel is then touched to the lips of the bride and then to those of the groom, symbolizing the harmony of the

many meals they will have together in the years to follow. This is a peculiar contradiction literally, for, as has been said earlier, unless poverty is marked, each member of the family eats alone.

The performance of the Red and Blue Cord comes next. In the center of the table has been placed a large bowlful of honey-water, in which is a coiled mass of red and blue silken cord. The end of the blue is drawn out by one of the bride's attendants and tied to a small cup containing honey-water colored a faint pink, and in which a few pine-nut kernels are floating. In his turn, one of the groom's attendants draws out the red cord and fastens it to a similar cup on his side of the table. Each attendant touches his respective cup to the lips of the bride and groom at the same time; the cups are then interchanged and again touched to the lips. This interchanging is kept up until the threads are thoroughly interwoven. This is symbolic of the closeness of their lives

to be lived in the future. To the Westerner, it might foretell the inextricable tangle of the marriage state.

When the cords are sufficiently interwoven the two geese, which have been carried by the two friends all of this time, are thrown into the air, signifying that the new couple's ship has set sail upon a happy married life.

The bride and groom are then led before the mother-in-law and father-in-law, who are seated to receive this formal indication of their new dignity of position for, from this minute henceforth, the young boy is a man, and the parents take the position of elders in the family. As for the bride, her days of slight responsibility are over. In a household of little means she must do all the work; in a wealthy household she must see that the work is done properly by the servants. Her mother-in-law's every wish becomes her law. In a day a boy and girl become a man and woman; childhood is over.

THE END

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
00015164244